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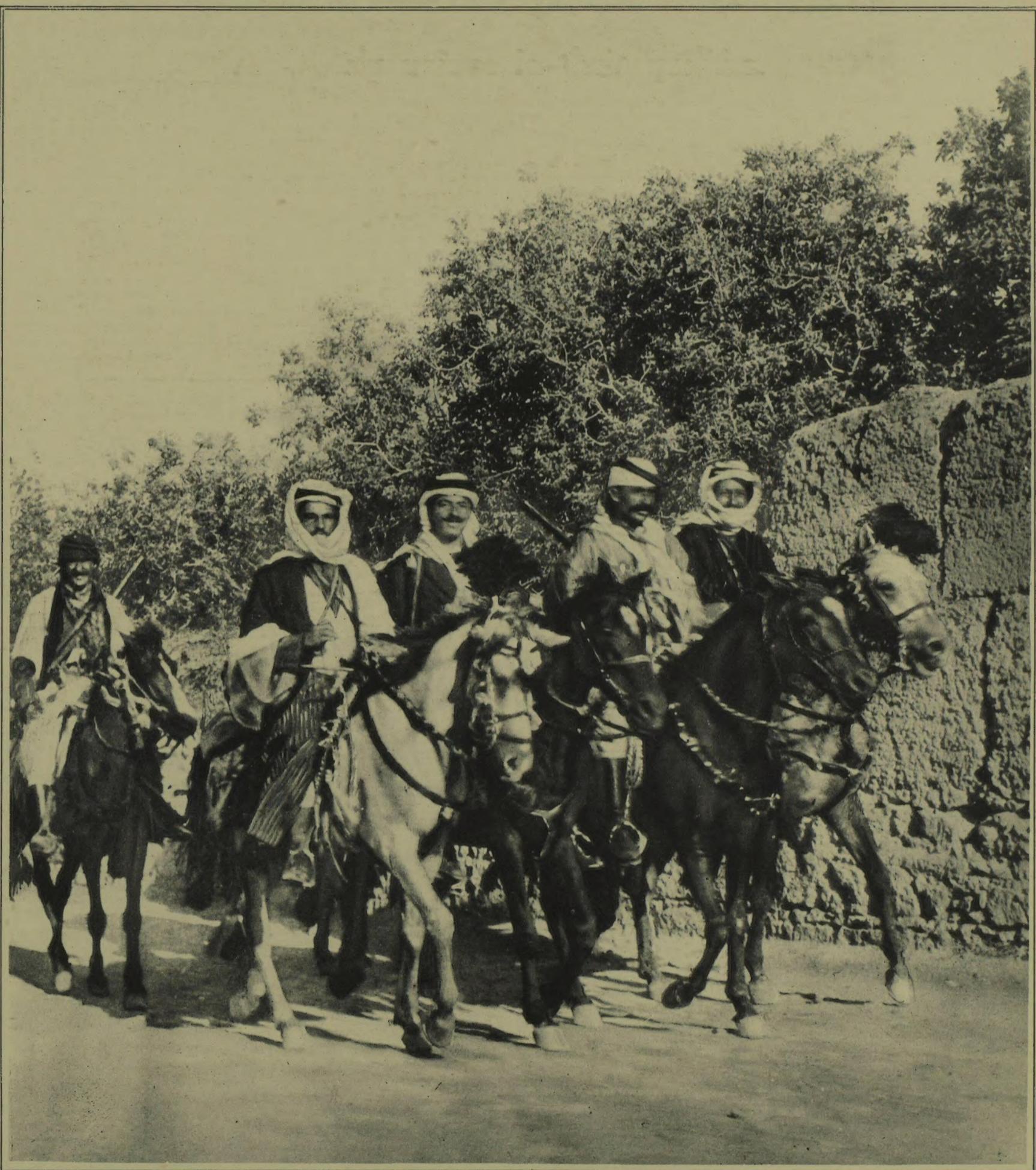
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1925.

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TYPICAL OF THE SYRIAN TRIBE WHICH REVOLTED AGAINST THE FRENCH, AND OFFERED PEACE : DRUSE WARRIORS.

Fresh news, later than that recorded elsewhere in this number, regarding the Druse revolt against the French mandatory rule in Syria was published in London on August 17. This stated that a delegation of Lebanese Druse notables, who had gone from Beirut to Jebel Druse, where the French garrison was besieged, to negotiate with the rebels, had returned with suggestions for a settlement. The terms included proposals that Captain Carbillot (the French Governor of Jebel

Druse) should be recalled; that another French Governor would be acceptable, if elected by the Druses; that no one should be punished for rebellion and no Druse arms confiscated; and that a special constitution for Jebel Druse should be drafted. The delegates were received by General Sarrail, the French High Commissioner for Syria, who ordered the release of two Druse leaders detained at Damascus. Meanwhile, it was stated, hostilities had ceased.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE discussion on Prison Reform that has been proceeding lately is one which easily falls into cross-purposes. The question seems to me to suffer from two secondary disadvantages. First, the severe people, who scorn sentimentalism, are themselves more sentimental than any humanitarian. And, second, the humanitarians are themselves more inhuman than any hanging judge. Those people whom Mr. Salt, the well-known leader of the humanitarians, very aptly defined as brutalitarians—those people simply want to relieve their own feeling, which is the essential of all sentimentalism. The brutalitarians are really rather like brutes, not merely in being hard, but in being soft. These grim and stern legal characters are, in another respect, very like some of the brutes, especially very like dogs and monkeys. They are always showing off. Their roughness and toughness (in the manner of Major Bagstock) is, in fact, a perpetual pose, like that of a dog always offering to fight another dog—especially the dog that isn't there. The men who say in clubs that somebody ought to jolly well hang somebody, or damned well shoot somebody, can in that sense be well called brutal. They are as wild, as weak and wavering, as soft and self-indulgent, as silly and as innocent as the brutes.

But, if the hard-headed people are always soft, the humanitarians sometimes deserve to be called the in-humanitarians. They very often are brutalitarians, in the sense of treating other people as brutes. This does not mean ill-treating them as brutes, which is quite a different thing. I may treat my horse properly, but I am treating him as a horse and not as a man. There was a Roman Emperor who treated his horse not only as a man, but as a magistrate. Some humanitarians are a little like that. There was an Eastern Emperor who treated men as horses, and even Kings as horses. Many humanitarians are even more like that. If Tamberlane had been a modern humanitarian, he would have continued to treat his human captives as horses; but he would have been very careful that the horses had sufficient water and sustaining food, and, above all, very clean and rather shiny stables. And that is what most of our modern conquerors are beginning to admit that they ought to do for the poor populations they have conquered. They feel they have ridden their human horses too much on the curb, and it would even be better horsemanship to ride them more often on the snaffle. Hence there is great talk of better conditions in prisons, like better conditions in stables; cleaner water or purer air. But at the bottom of their hearts, or at least at the back of their minds, these humanitarians think it as natural that poor people should be in prison as that horses should be in stables. Nor do they ever really think of prisoners as any other kind of people except poor people. To meet a social intellectual equal or superior quite casually in a prison would surprise them as much as to see a clergyman between the shafts of a cab. For our conquerors have not the wild magnanimity of the great Emperor of Tartary—they are not generous enough to exult only in a triumph over Kings.

Now between this stupid scorn of sympathy (which is itself a form of sentimentalism) and this sham pretence of sympathy (which is really the reverse of sympathy because it is superiority)—between these two forms of swaggering self-satisfaction the prospects of a real reform in relation to crime are very unsatisfactory. What we want is not all this morbid brooding upon the motives of criminals, not even the more occult problem of the motives of lawyers, but the old historic or prehistoric problem of the motives of law-givers.

Even the man who made the worst and wickedest of the old laws was a man. He was not a monster; he had a motive. The old penal code was a horrible growth; doubtless it deserved to be cut down almost to the ground. Perhaps it deserves to be uprooted; but it had a root. It had only grown to be a horrible growth; it had grown out of a human soil. However rightly we were resolved to bring it to its end, we should be wise to trace it back to its beginning.

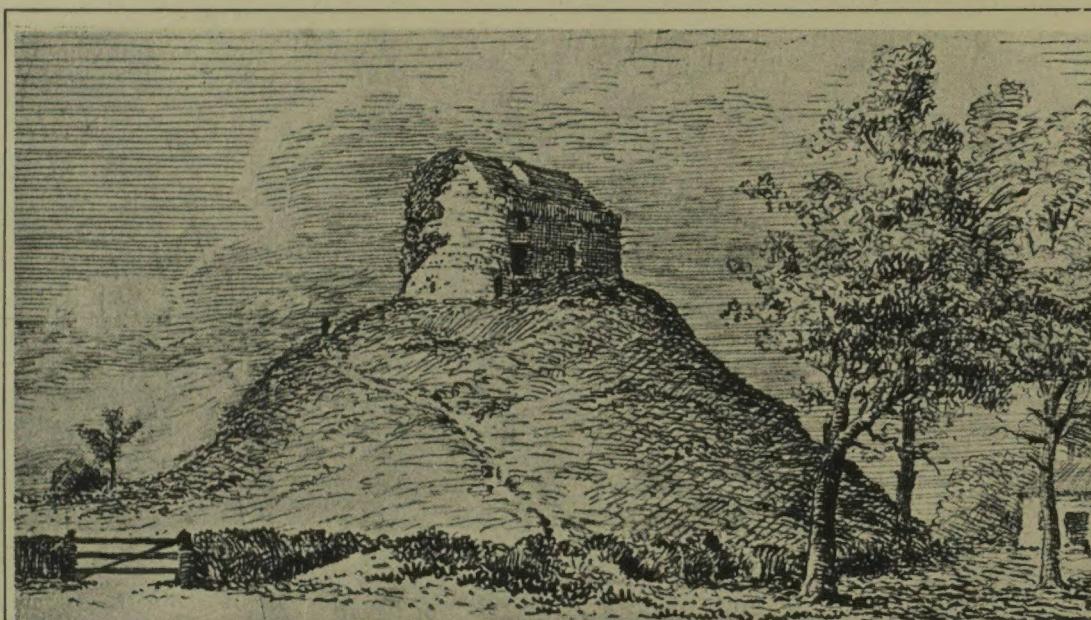
poor man had some property. It depends partly on the poverty of the poor man—that is, on the fact that he abjectly depended on his property.

People think of it as a very stiff and antiquated law, like a statute of the Stone Age, that a man could be hanged for sheep-stealing. But in the most recent times, in the most republican settlements, in the newest colonies of the newest continent, new laws were hastily made by which a man could be hanged for horse-stealing. And the law was not felt as a cruelty, because the crime was really a cruelty. In such conditions a man had nothing but his horse, as the poor man of Nathan had nothing but his ewe-lamb. To leave a man alone without his horse on a prairie, for instance, was in another moral world to that we now call theft. It was not theft; it was murder.

Now those are the sort of conditions in which man made that sort of law. And half the trouble is that half our law has come down from simpler conditions of that sort, and really implies a number of facts and feelings that are no longer there. It implies the unpopularity of theft. It implies, that is, the popularity of property. It implies that solid, primary, promising, and fruitful forms of property, such as a cow or a ewe, are fairly common among the masses, so that they are really ready of their own motion to go out against a robber as against a wolf. It implies that very rapid democratic canvas called the "Hue and Cry"; that very prompt and practical democratic programme, "Stop Thief!"

In modern conditions there is not quite the same feeling of popular anger against robbers who ruin the fundamental property of the whole people. Hence the healthier sort of indignation against crime has weakened, and left the field to the mere bully or to the rather frigid humanitarian who says that we ought not to feel any indignation against crime at all. But I think he is wrong. If property were in a healthy state, we should all feel that a certain sane and spontaneous indignation was a righteous indignation. We do still feel it when it is a case not of a man taking property, but taking life. We should still feel it if taking property were, if not taking life, at least taking livelihood.

Nearly all this popular backing of the law has been lost through the complicated and concentrated and unnatural economic conditions of industrial life to-day. Another effect is, of course, that robbers who rob in a very impersonal way, on the large, bewildering scale of modern corners and companies, are not punished at all. In the old days, when people really wanted a thief in prison, they very particularly wanted that sort of thief in prison. And they put him there. But the consequence that concerns us here is that the intellectuals have for the present fallen back on the highly illogical compromise of never putting the big thief in prison, of always putting the small thief in prison; and then pretending that the prison is only a hospital.



COVERING A RECENTLY DISCOVERED MEgalithic dolmen of the STONEHENGE type (ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE): THE TUMULUS OF LA HOUGUE BIE, JERSEY—AS IT WAS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The great dolmen recently excavated within this tumulus is to be described by M. Toulin-Nicole at the approaching meeting of the British Association. This old drawing shows the mound as it appeared shortly before the erection, at the end of the eighteenth century, of a tower, above the roof of the chapel on the summit, in memory of Admiral Philippe d'Auvergne, adopted son of Godfrey, Duke of Bouillon. The place thus became known as the Prince's Tower, until the Archaeological Society of Jersey demolished the tower, as it threatened the safety of the chapel.

From an Old Drawing Made in 1780. By Courtesy of Mr. E. Toulin-Nicole, Hon. Sec. of the Société Jersiaise.

Now I think it abominable that laws, including some of these old laws, should punish people most mercilessly for offences against property. But I think it much more abominable because it only means nowadays, nine times out of ten, the property of what we call the propertied classes. But these old laws sometimes arose in societies where a great many other classes were also propertied classes. It was very bad that a man should be hanged for sheep-stealing, especially as it led him to say, as the proverb goes, that he might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. But it was also very bad, in simpler conditions, that a man should steal even a lamb. We see how cruel and heartrending it seemed in the effect of that terrible fable that Nathan hurled at the head of David. If I remember right, the great King swore that the rich man should die, for his cruelty in taking the one ewe-lamb of the poor man, which suggests that David at least had no scruples about hanging a man for sheep-stealing. But that was because, in those human conditions, that human act really was an inhuman act. It depends partly on the property of the poor man—that is, on the fact that even the

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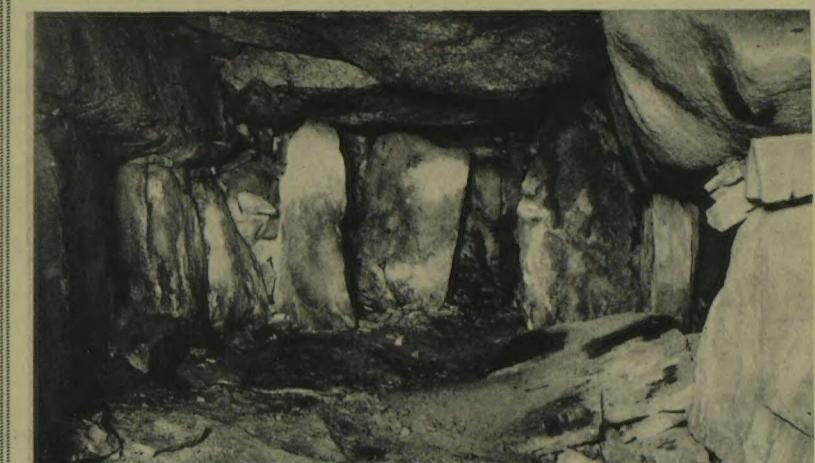
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A BURIED "STONEHENGE": A SUBJECT FOR THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

BY COURTESY OF E. TOULMIN-NICOLLE, HON. SEC. OF THE SOCIÉTÉ JERSIAISE. PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. F. GUITON.



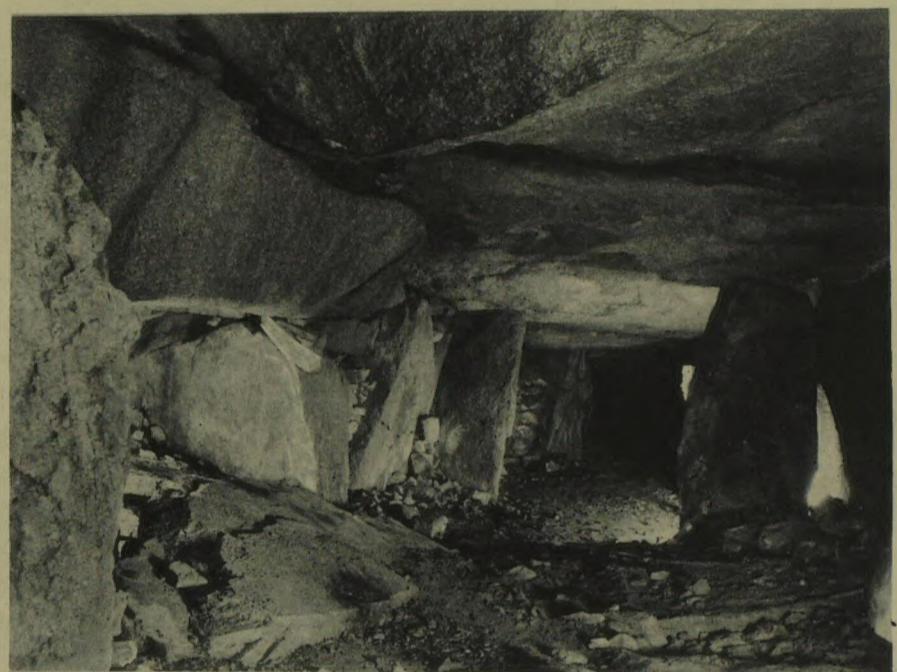
CRUCIFORM IN PLAN, AND ORIENTATED EAST AND WEST: THE MEGLITHIC DOLMEN UNDER THE TUMULUS OF LA HOUGUE BIE, IN JERSEY—THE WEST AND NORTH SIDE-CHAMBERS (LOOKING W.N.W.)



DATING FROM THE TRANSITION PERIOD BETWEEN THE NEOLITHIC AND THE BRONZE AGES: THE DOLMEN OF LA HOUGUE BIE—THE CENTRAL CHAMBER (30 FT. LONG AND 10 TO 12 FT. HIGH)—LOOKING WEST.

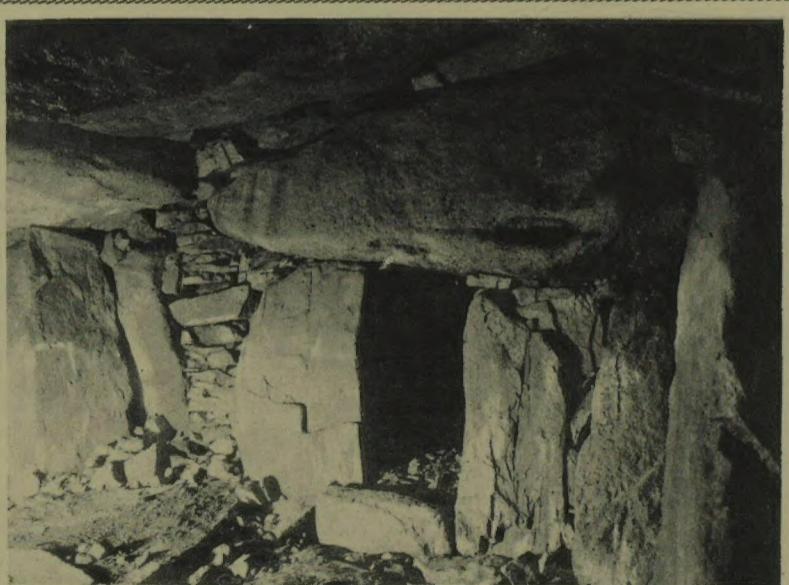
"THE tumulus of La Hougue Bie," writes Mr. E. Toulmin-Nicolle, "is 40 ft. high and 180 ft. across. It is in Grouville parish, Jersey. On its summit is a very early chapel. Under the tumulus has been discovered a Dolmen with a gallery of approach, perfect in design, a remarkable example of megalithic construction. In plan the monument is cruciform, and it is orientated East and West. The entire length measures 67 ft., the gallery being 32 ft. It is composed of uprights of massive stones roofed with capstones of enormous dimensions, some weighing at least 50 tons. The main chamber, which measures 30 ft. in length, and varies in breadth from 10 to 12 ft., has three side-chambers which give the plan its cruciform appearance. The monument belongs to the transition period between the Neolithic and the Bronze Ages. Though the floors had been rifled in days long past, a certain amount of interesting pottery has been

[Continued opposite.]

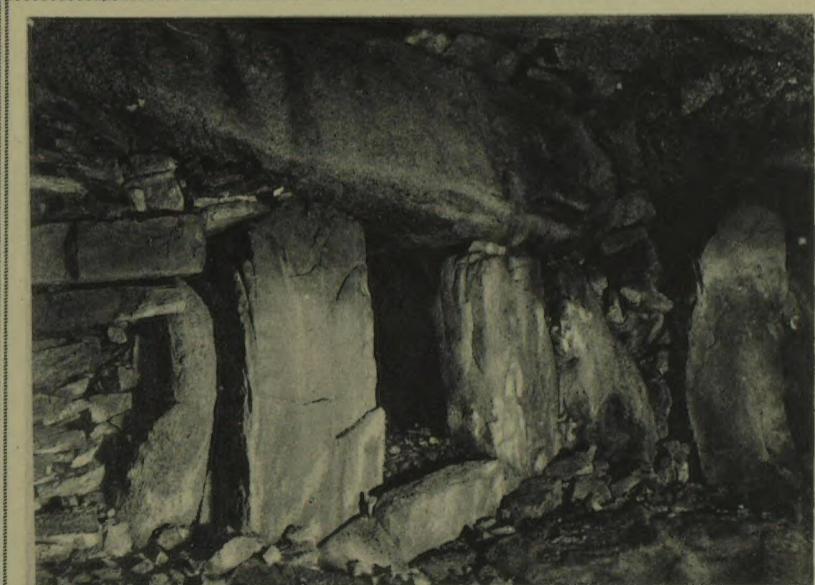


WITH ENORMOUS CAPSTONES, SOME WEIGHING FIFTY TONS, ON MASSIVE UPRIGHTS: THE GREAT MEGLITHIC DOLMEN OF LA HOUGUE BIE—THE CENTRAL CHAMBER AND THE ENTRANCE (LOOKING EAST)

Continued.] found." Elsewhere the same writer says, regarding this pottery: "In the shingle bed which formed the floor of the 'sanctuary' in the main chamber were collected some important fragments of ritual or votive vases. Two of them were lying at the foot of upright pillars, at the entrance to the sanctuary, and two others in a kind of receptacle in the centre of it. These vases bore designs made by incision after the baking of the clay, while holes had been made in their sides before baking. Similar vessels have been found recently in a cromlech at Er Lannie, in the Gulf of Morbihan. Déchelette compares them with vases found at Chassey, Saône-et-Loire, and at the dolmen of La Garde in Charente. The dolmen of La Hougue Bie is remarkable for its regularity of construction and the perfect preservation of the masonry between the supports. It is one of the finest megalithic monuments in Europe."



TO BE DESCRIBED AT THE FORTHCOMING MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION, IN THE PREHISTORIC SECTION: THE DOLMEN OF LA HOUGUE BIE—THE SOUTH SIDE-CHAMBER (LOOKING S.E.).



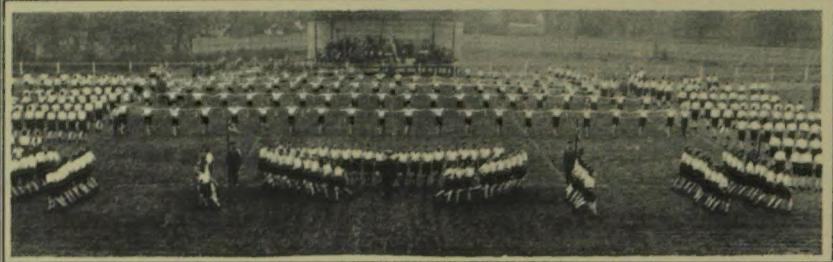
A HUGE EXAMPLE OF A MEGLITHIC TRILITHON OF THE TYPE TO BE SEEN AT STONEHENGE: THE SOUTH SIDE-CHAMBER (LOOKING S.W.) IN THE DOLMEN OF LA HOUGUE BIE, IN JERSEY.

We are now enabled to illustrate in fuller detail a remarkable prehistoric discovery made in Jersey, beneath the famous tumulus of La Hougue Bie, of which a drawing and some particulars appeared in our issue of October 4 last. The subject is of special interest in view of the fact that a paper on it is to be read before the prehistoric section of the British Association, at its forthcoming meeting at Southampton (August 26 to September 2) by Mr. E. Toulmin-Nicolle, Hon. Sec. of the Société Jersiaise, who has kindly supplied us with the above photographs. The tumulus was formerly known as the Prince's Tower, from a tower built on it late in the eighteenth century by General James d'Auvergne, but pulled down

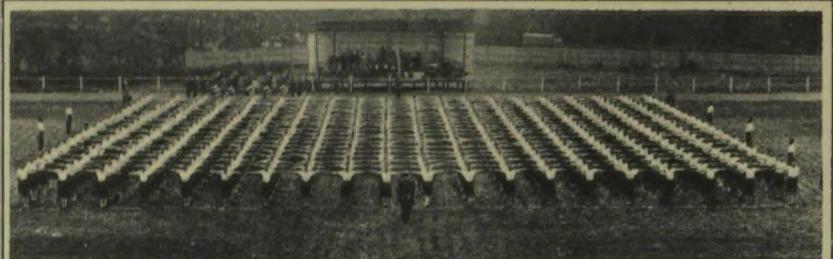
when the Jersey archaeological society acquired the site (in 1919) because its weight was crushing the older chapels beneath (shown in the drawing on the opposite page). There is an interesting legend attached to the place. "A certain lord of Hambye, in Cotentin," as M. Toulmin relates it, "undertook to deliver the island from a dragon which was desolating it. He slew the dragon, but was himself killed by a treacherous servant, who returned and persuaded the lady of Hambye to wed him, saying that it had been his master's last wish. The traitor revealed his crime, however, by talking in his sleep. The lady built the tumulus, with a chapel thereon, at the spot where her husband had been murdered."

THE ACTIVE R.A.F.: TATTOO DRILL REHEARSALS; A NEW FLYING BOAT.

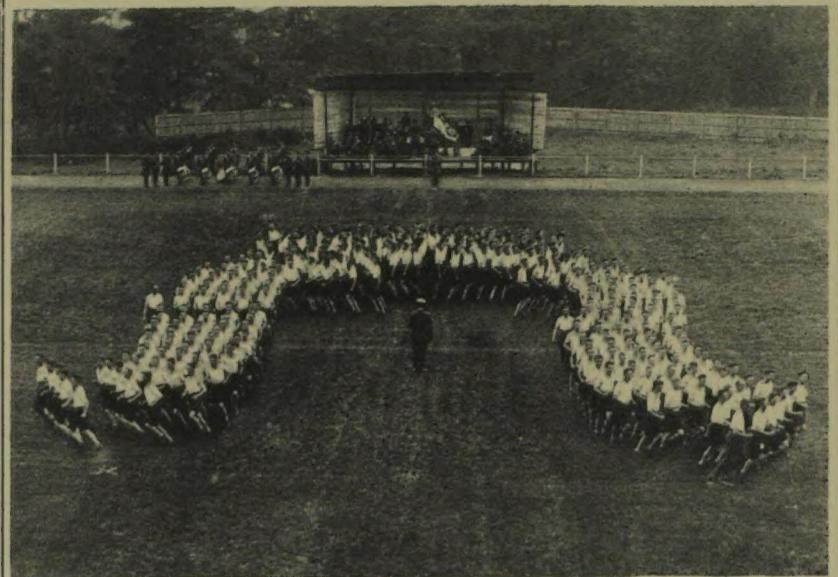
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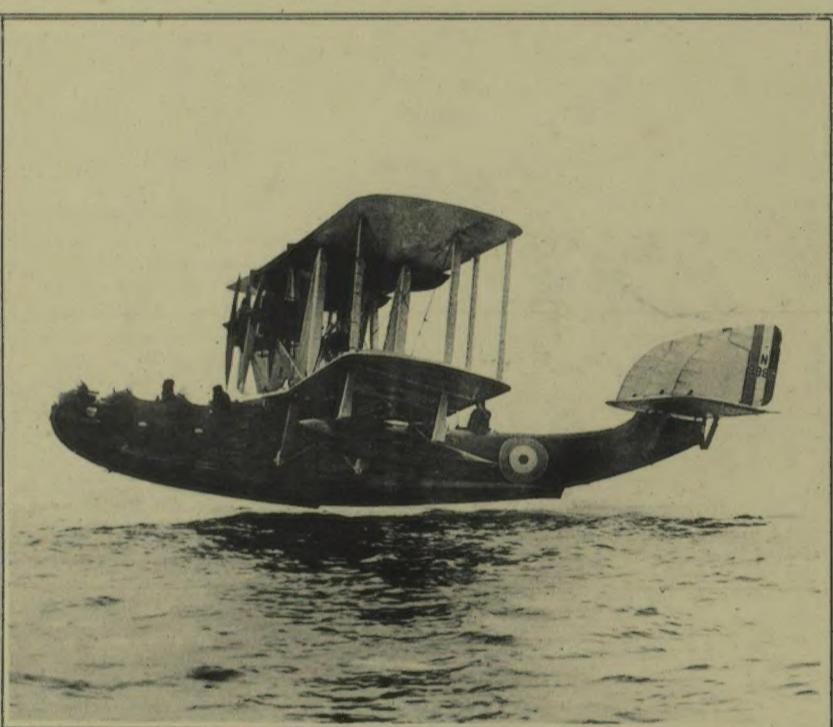
LIKE AN ENORMOUS BALLET: PICTURESQUE PHYSICAL DRILL EVOLUTIONS BY AIR FORCE MEN REHEARSING AT UXBRIDGE FOR THE NEW WEMBLEY TATTOO.



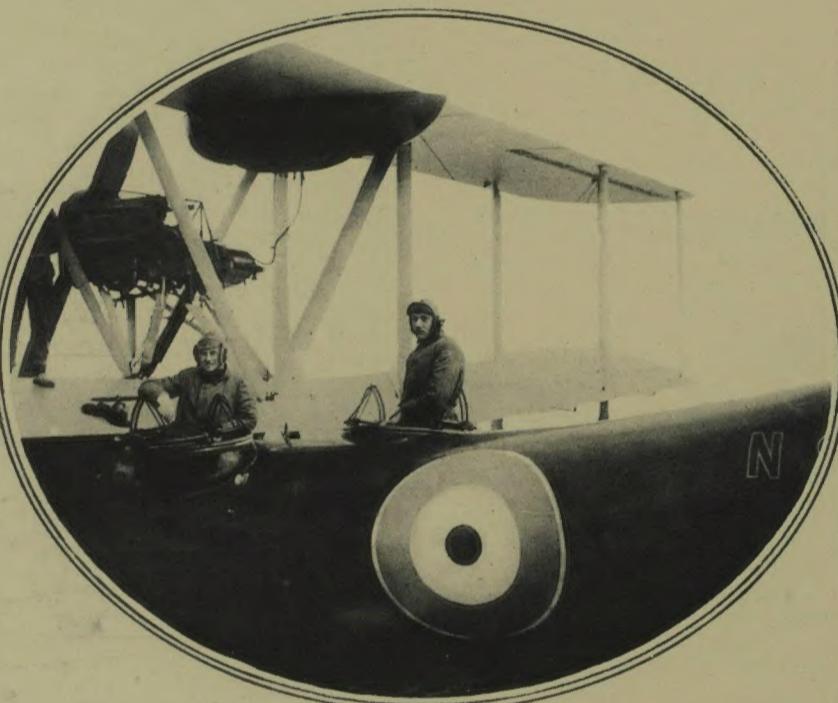
A "GRIDIRON" EFFECT: ANOTHER PHASE OF THE PHYSICAL DRILL DISPLAY FOR THE WEMBLEY TATTOO BEING REHEARSED BY AIR FORCE MEN AT UXBRIDGE.



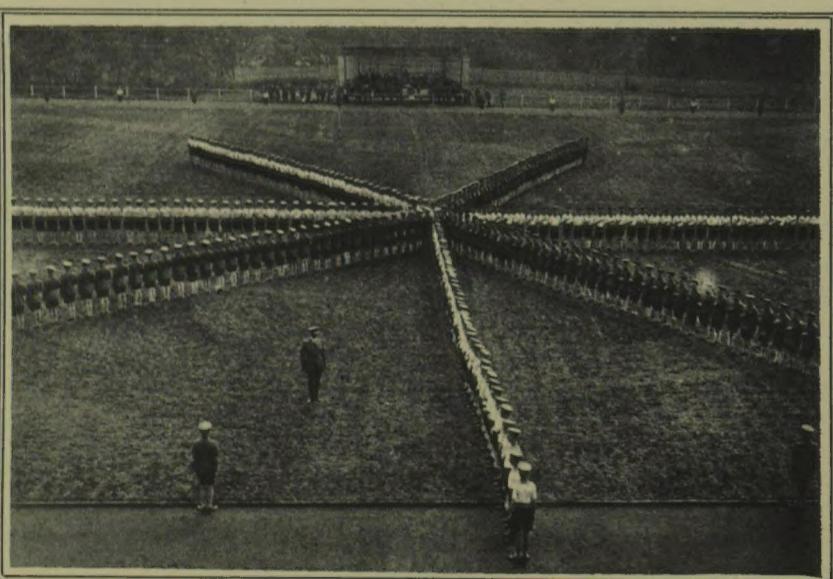
RUNNING IN "CROWN" FORMATION: A CLEVERLY DEVISED EFFECT IN THE AIR FORCE DISPLAYS FOR THE WEMBLEY TATTOO—REHEARSED AT THE UXBRIDGE DEPOT.



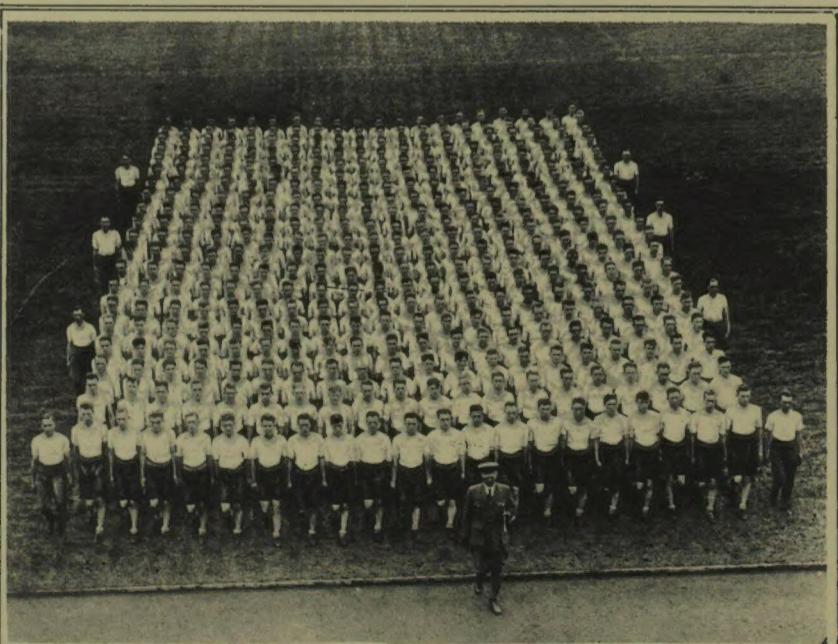
THE OFFICIAL TRIALS OF THE NEW GIANT SEAPLANE "SOUTHAMPTON," WITH ITS BOAT-SHAPED BODY: LEAVING THE WATER AT FELIXSTOWE FOR A FLIGHT TO CROMER.



THE AIR MINISTER AND THE A.O.C. (INLAND AREA) IN THE NEW FLYING BOAT FOR A TRIP FROM CROMER TO THE WASH: SIR SAMUEL HOARE (L.) AND SIR JOHN SALMOND (R.).



A "STARFISH" EFFECT IN FORMATION: THE REHEARSAL OF AN AIR FORCE DISPLAY FOR THE TORCHLIGHT AND SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO IN THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY. In the great Torchlight and Searchlight Tattoo to be given by the United Services in the Stadium at Wembley, for five weeks from August 24, one of the most picturesque and spectacular features will be the physical drill displays by men of the Royal Air Force. Their evolutions will be presented under coloured lights. Our photographs, which were taken during rehearsals on the grounds of the R.A.F. depot at Uxbridge, show the skill and ingenuity with which the various movements and formations have been devised, and the remarkable precision of the drill. The other two illustrations show the big new flying-boat "Southampton,"



LIKE A WHITE CLOTH DECORATED WITH HUMAN HEADS: A COMPACT SQUARE OF 400 AIR FORCE MEN, LED BY THEIR OFFICER, REHEARSED A PHYSICAL DRILL DISPLAY, of which type a number have been ordered by the Air Ministry for naval co-operation. It was built at the Supermarine Aviation Works, Southampton, and is fitted with twin 450-h.p. Napier Lion engines. The trial flight from Felixstowe to Cromer was made on August 11. At Cromer Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary for Air; Air Marshal Sir John Salmond, Air Officer Commanding the Inland Area; and Sir Geoffrey Salmond, Air Member for Supply and Research, went on board for a flight, which lasted 2½ hours, to the Wash, with a stop at Grimsby. Sir Samuel Hoare said that the new craft was considered thoroughly satisfactory.

A STUDY OF SPEED: THE ECSTASY OF MOTOR-BOATING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS.



THE POETRY OF MOTION, WITH THUNDER OF RIVEN WATERS AND CLOUDS OF FOLLOWING FOAM: A MOTOR-BOAT CLEAVING ITS WAY AT HIGH SPEED THROUGH THE SURFACE OF THE SEA.

The ecstasy of speed may be enjoyed on the water as well as on the land, and is no less keen in a motor-boat than in a sailing yacht. Though petrol was not the spirit that inspired Allan Cunningham to sing of "a wet sheet and a flowing sea, a wind that follows fast," yet the motor-boat too flies along "like the

eagle free." Sails or engine—the romance of swift movement is the same. Both are the invention of man, artificial forms of propulsion, differing only in the character of the natural force applied for the purpose, and in the type of craft designed to make use of it.

THE MASTER OF THE WORLD.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

THE world war has destroyed the equilibrium of the planet. Formidable powers have been weakened or have disappeared in the chaos, and new powers have emerged. For the last seven years humanity has endeavoured to strike a balance of losses and gains, so as to guess who will be the future master of the world.

The majority are inclined to see in the people of the United States the predestined masters of the opening era. They were fabulously rich, even before the war; at that time they were at least in debt to Europe; their capital was not sufficient to develop the resources of their immense territory. To-day they are the creditors, and the capitalists, of the whole world. The Russian Revolution relieved them of their most formidable rivals in the production of certain primary materials of the highest commercial importance, such as cereals and petroleum. For the last fifty years they have not only worked very hard, but they have also studied a great deal, so that to-day they are very highly cultured. Their naval power has nearly equalled that of England; they are the only democratic republic which is more than a hundred years old; that is to say, they solved the problem which Germany, Russia, and Italy are only just beginning to attempt, more than a century ago. Rich, powerful, cultivated, free, and relatively well governed, situated between Europe, which is falling to pieces, and Asia, which is awakening by fits and starts, it seems as if the Americans might become the future arbiters of the world. Their influence has grown considerably during the last ten years.

Others, again, are anxious about Japan the mysterious. The war has enriched her, and made her one of the three masters of the ocean; it has delivered her from Russia, that ogre which threatened to devour her, and has given her the hegemony of the Far East. The question is being asked in certain political and intellectual centres what would happen if Japan were to succeed in taking possession of China and making a great modern state of her by directing her reorganised forces? It would seem as if the whole world would tremble.

There are also those who hope or dread the revolutionary supremacy of Russia. The enigmatical Government of Moscow already enjoys a kind of diabolical ubiquity in the imagination of the frightened West. Wherever a great crisis breaks out, be it in Bulgaria, in China, in Turkey, or in Egypt, their action is suspected—their influence, their unseizable agents, and their money. In the drama of our epoch they play the part of the genius of evil, who is perhaps destined to succumb eventually, but who for the moment is much more active and ingenious than the easy-going good genii. Those who suspect them of such formidable secret activities are easily led to suppose that they dream of extending their empire over the world, and that they think they could conquer it in the midst of a universal upset. More than a century has elapsed since the French Revolution, and many people are awaiting a repetition.

The world war, by breaking down the military, political, financial, and intellectual supremacy which Europe still exercised at the opening of the twentieth century over Asia, Africa, and a large part of America, has altered the balance of the world. We try to guess what new supremacy is to re-establish that balance, as if the world were destined to live for ever under the hegemony of one privileged power or a group of privileged powers.

But is it really so? Does the world really need a master? Was not the supremacy which Europe enjoyed during the nineteenth century rather, on the contrary,

an isolated event, a novelty in the history of the world, which was destined to end with the exceptional circumstances which brought it about? The United States have become since the world war the largest economic power of the world, and one of the three largest naval Powers. Everyone is agreed on that point. But it is much more questionable whether that enormous economic superiority has given them the means of taking the direction of the affairs of the whole world. If their riches are incontestably one of the directing forces of the world, it must not be forgotten that the power of money as a means of political action is limited. Capital is subject to its own laws, which are not those by which politics are governed. It goes where it hopes to gain most, not where there are the most important political interests to defend. If it can, to a certain extent, assist a Government to attain certain ends, it cannot sacrifice itself entirely for political exigencies.

It must never be forgotten, however, that money, by its inherent nature, is a rather special means of domination. The creditor holds his debtor, but the debtor in his turn holds his creditor. A creditor Power has without doubt a powerful compelling means on its debtor or debtors; but it is also united to them by a solidarity of interests which may hamper its own liberty of action.

in her historic rôle, which is now nearing its end. We are tending towards a world without a directing centre, divided into a large number of great and small states, each of which will live for itself, becoming less and less subject to the political influence of its neighbours. It was so in the period before European supremacy; it will be so again in the future. *Multa renascentur quæ jam cedidere.*

It is yet another proof of the passing of the monarchic system, of which Asia took the initial step and gave the example to Europe in the Turkish Revolution of 1908, and the Chinese Revolution of 1912. So long as nearly all Europe and all Asia was governed by monarchies great or small, absolute or constitutional, but all strong enough to enable them to impose themselves on the national sentiment of their people, the stronger states could easily exercise a directing influence on the feebler states by means of their Courts. The whole system of European influence over Asia, and all the hierarchy of directing and directed Powers in Europe, rested on dynastic politics. South America, on the contrary, already in the nineteenth century escaped from the political influence of Europe, and was only subject to its financial and intellectual influence, although many of its Governments were very weak. Why was this? Because they were republics, and the great monarchical states of Europe found in them no *point d'appui* by means of which they could exercise political influence.

This explains why in Turkey and China the opposition to European political influence ended in a republic. The Republics of Angora and Peking were much laughed at in Europe; one saw in them only a clumsy imitation by stupid pupils of models they did not understand. It is possible that the Turkish and Chinese republicans knew better what they were doing than their European critics supposed. In both countries the republic has only been a nationalist engine of war against foreign influence.

That is, indeed, the function of republican institutions almost everywhere. A republic is a much more "national" form of government than a monarchy, which, by its nature, must tend towards a sort of cosmopolitanism or universality, superior to national varieties. That is why between 1815 and 1848, in the splendid period of monarchy, the dynasties were very jealous of the supernatural, universal, and European character of the monarchical principle,

and they everywhere fought against the movement of nationalities, which were waking up with vague republican aspirations. The decline of monarchy began in Europe after 1848, when two dynasties, that of Savoy and of the Hohenzollerns, sought to identify themselves with two great national movements, to assume the direction of them and become, as we say to-day, "Nationalist." But Nationalist Monarchy was a compromise between two contradictory forces, which could not last for ever, and which, in Germany, has already reached its inevitable simplification. William I. was right when he said to Bismarck, who had avowed his intention of declaring war on Austria in 1866 by raising the question of universal suffrage: "But it is revolution that you are proposing to me." A republic was the logical conclusion of the premises set forth by Bismarck's policy and the Revolution of 1848, which had made Bismarck's policy possible. If one looks at contemporary events from this point of view, one sees that all the revolutions which during the last twenty years have shaken so many thrones, from the Baltic to the Yellow Sea, form one unit. They are the detached episodes of a great historical movement, whose trend is to place Europe and Asia in a condition somewhat resembling that in which for the last century the American continent has found itself: to divide them into a large number of states, the majority of which are republics, and which, rich or poor, greater or smaller, will find themselves in a condition of political equality, all freed from the old hierarchical forms of tutelage and reciprocal protection. We are witnessing, in a certain sense, an enormous democratisation of the world,

(Continued on Page 360.)



THE GERMAN PRESIDENT AT THE CONSTITUTION CELEBRATIONS IN BERLIN: FIELD-MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG (IN CIVILIAN DRESS, BAREHEADED) REVIEWING A GUARD OF HONOUR OUTSIDE THE REICHSTAG.

The celebration of the sixth anniversary of the Weimar Constitution took place in the Reichstag at Berlin on August 11, and was the first to be attended by Field-Marshal von Hindenburg as President. After the ceremony he reviewed a guard of honour of the Reichswehr, while the band played "Deutschland über Alles." On the next day he went to Munich, Bavaria, on his first official visit to a Federal State.

Photograph by Sport and General.

It is difficult for a European to guess what part Japan might play in Asia, and indirectly in the world, through her action in Asia. Japan came into the world war as a medium Power, and came out of it as one of the greatest Powers in the world. At the same time, one has the impression that in China, which might be expected to be her most favourable field of action, her power collides with unseen obstacles. Reasoning according to European ideas, everyone expected that Japan would take advantage of the state of anarchy in China to reap large prizes for herself. On the contrary, with regard to Chinese affairs, Japan acts with a prudence which can only be explained by impossibilities underlying appearances, and which we do not see. The power of Japan and the weakness of China cannot be so great, one against the other, as they seem to us who observe them from far off, and without adequate information.

As to the revolutionary hegemony of Russia, it appears to be one of those numerous dreams which please Western intellectuals, intoxicated by historical memories and precedents. The causes which gave a world import to the French Revolution were exceptional, like the circumstances which produced the marvellous development of the nineteenth century. However powerful Europe may be, she cannot make two revolutions of a universal character, separated only by one century.

The void produced in the world by what might be called the deflation of European power will not be replaced by any new hegemony. Europe will not have a successor

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF RECENT EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, PHOTOPRESS, COUTANSON, AND C.N.



THE UNVEILING OF THE WAR MEMORIAL AT ECCLES, BY THE EARL OF DERBY: THE DEDICATION SERVICE AT THE CEREMONY.



REPELLING A "RAID" ON SOUTHSEA: A REALISTIC SCENE OF THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT—ENTRENCHED TROOPS, GUNS, AND STAR-SHELLS.

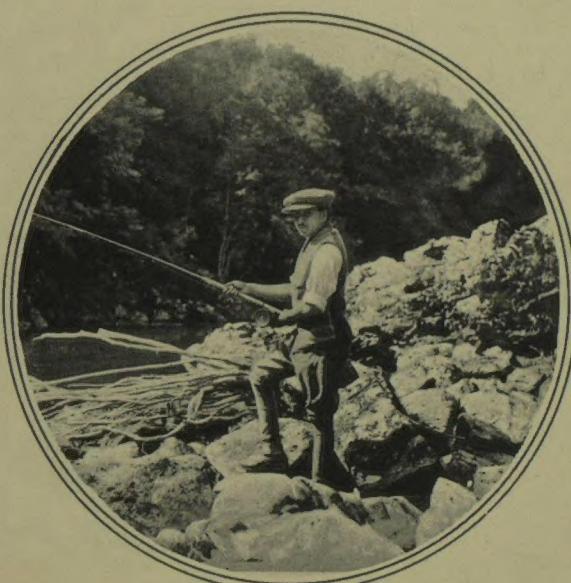


WITH THE FRENCH IN MOROCCO: THE CAMP AT TISSA—SHOWING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PLAIN, NEAR TWO MOTOR-LORRIES, TWO BOMBING AEROPLANES BEING REPLENISHED WITH EXPLOSIVES, AND (FURTHER TO THE RIGHT) ANOTHER AEROPLANE, ALREADY SUPPLIED WITH BOMBS, STARTING FOR A FLIGHT OVER THE RIFF COUNTRY; (IN THE FOREGROUND) TROOPS AND CONVOYS.



RECENTLY SOLD, WITH THE SURROUNDING ESTATE (56 ACRES IN ALL), FOR £1,650,000: THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, IN BLOOMSBURY.

A fine war memorial at Eccles, in Lancashire, was unveiled a few days ago by Lord Derby.—The Naval and Military Tournament held on Southsea Common, from August 1 to 15, included a realistic representation of an "enemy" night attack on the town being repelled. Troops were entrenched on the beach, while artillery and machine-guns fired at the "raiders," and star-shells burst overhead. The tournament is said to have produced over £10,000 for the Portsmouth and United Charities.—Copies of a statement by M. Painlevé, the French Premier, on the Franco-Spanish peace offer to the Rifis were recently sent to Abdel Krim.—A



A WELL-KNOWN PATRON OF POLO ENJOYING SPORT IN SCOTLAND: THE MAHARAJAH OF JODHPUR SALMON-FISHING.

contract was signed on August 14 for the sale of the Foundling Hospital and its estate in Bloomsbury, 56 acres in all, for £1,650,000, to a company entitled Foundling Estates, Ltd., with Sir Arthur Du Cros as Chairman. The whole estate was bought in 1741, from Lord Salisbury, for £6500. It is many years since so large an area in Central London changed hands in a single transaction. The Governors of the Hospital will hand over possession in about two years, and meanwhile build a new home for the children in the country.—The Maharajah of Jodhpur is seen above fishing in the Spean, near Inverlochy Castle.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

EAR, ENUNCIATION AND VOCABULARY.

M R. HENRY AINLEY, himself a master elocutionist, has recently spoken golden words concerning the inability of the young generation to speak well. His plaint was not directly aimed at the actors; as a good *confrère*, he used tact and generalised his criticism. But there is no doubt that it was meant for his profession in particular. There is a terrible amount of muttering on our stage, a would-be languor that in some quarters may pass as artistic, but greatly discounts the pleasure of the audience. All too often the portent of a speech is lost because the actor starts distinctly and, as the sentence continues, gradually drops his voice until we hear nothing but a murmur of syllables. The result is not only that the effect becomes spoilt, but not infrequently that we miss an important point concerning the plot, and are befogged as to the whys and wherefores of its development.

But this burrowing beneath the surface—*bafouiller*, as Sarcey branded it in Paris when the redundancy of the old school was superseded by the other extreme, inaudibility—is not the only cause of Ainley's reproach. In spite of the actor's general education—enormously improved in the last thirty years—there prevail still minor shortcomings which, to a well-attuned ear, are disagreeable, not to say painful. The terrible "me years" instead of "my ears" still survives, and so does the maltreatment of a final "a" in Christian names when followed by a word beginning with a vowel. Years ago an actor was heard to say in "Ghosts": "Mother, *Reginer* is my only salvation"; he meant "Regina," yet some of the most accomplished maintain the cacophonic tradition. As to Cockney vowels, why, they drop as bountifully as the fruit from a mulberry-tree. If I were to name actors of foremost position whose a's, o's, and i's—to say nothing of their own big "I" (oi) are impure, they would be astonished and abashed. In some cases, it is affectation—I think they call it nowadays Neo-Georgian—but it sounds no less horrible for its modernity and preciousness; in most it is innate, and continues merely because no one dares to correct the speech of the high and mighty, or because they never hear themselves as other people hear them. And here comes in a little story which I commend as an object-lesson to all those called upon to speak in public, whether they be actors, politicians, or broadcasters—the last, often very cultured lecturers, being not the least of the sinners.

A friend of mine, a naturalised fellow-citizen, was aware of his accent, and eager to test its intensity. There was no gramophone in those days, but the Phonograph Company, then in Northumberland Avenue, let out apparatus on hire by license. He secured a machine, and one fine night he recorded on the cylinder a speech which he had to make in public. He then turned on the reproducer, and to his discomfiture, when he heard the echo of his diction, he discovered that his accent was ever so much worse than he surmised. Needless to say that at once he sped to a well-known teacher of elocution,

and by hard study of the "a-e-i-o-u" method, and the practice of the "th" by disciplining his tongue to approach his upper front teeth in the proper way, and rounding his lips to form the "w," he gradually improved. His accent never entirely

But in the theatre we are not only worried by muttering and dissonance; we frequently discover that actors (as well as countless other people) suffer from a want of knowledge of our vocabulary. Max O'Rell—he who wrote the famous "John Bull and His Island," and similar critical books—once told me: "There is no nation in the Western world which possesses such a wealthy language, yet knows it not! Guess," he said, "how many different words the average Englishman uses per day; not more than 1500; whereas the dictionary contains some 45,000." I have not counted the former (nor yet the latter), but I always carefully notice people's vocabularies, and I regret to say that caustic Max was not far wrong. Nor is it only the variety of the words that is so poor, but the ability of right pronunciation. There is no country where, apart from local accents, there is such a difference of pronunciation as in England; and this difference is beyond all defence, because our standard dictionaries very clearly ordain the proper accentuation of nearly every word—there are some on which the accent may be allowed to fall either way, but they are the exception, not the rule. Our "Chambers" is as dictatorial and inexorable as the puissant "Dictionnaire de l'Académie" of France.

Now on the stage scores of words are sadly mishandled.

There are some over which nearly every actor stumbles—e.g., "hospitable," which becomes "hospi'table," is one; "finance," now pronounced "finnance" or "fiance," is another; "interesting" is a third (it is so "reefened" to say "inter-esting"); and, would you believe it, the other day a leading actor—

hushed his name!—took it into his head to regale us with "ca-pittalist," and (it is true) on that occasion a little shudder rustled through the audience.

I could go on *ad infinitum*, not forgetting the ruthless massacre of French words when "rue," without a tinge of self-conscious rue, becomes "roo," when "Monsieur le Duc" becomes "Monsyou le Duke," "Madame"—"Maydamn," and "Mademoiselle" something akin to a word mumbled with a mouthful of jelly.

There is some excuse for the latter lapses, and for them I would rather blame the producer than the actor, who may be unfamiliar with the French vernacular. But, in my opinion, everybody who loves the language, who lives by it, who is, as it were, its propagator and its banner-man, should make it his business to study in odd moments the standard dictionary of English. It is a most fascinating study, much more so than cross-word puzzles, although the latter do a lot of good. It will make for revelation on every page. It will make us proud of a priceless possession. It will lead to introspection and to humble acknowledgment of our own ignorance. Last but not least, it will purge our public and private parlance of impurity, monotony, and poverty of selection. I for one believe in it implicitly, and cherish the practice

as I cultivate Coué's "Every day I feel better and better." It is a godsend to feel that English is a monumental language, and my friend Ainley is a good prophet to be honoured in his own country.



A CLEVER SKIT ON THE RUSSIAN BALLET IN THE NEW VERSION OF "CHARLOT'S REVUE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE: MISS BEATRICE LILLIE (CENTRE, ON WIRES) AS MME. WANDA ALLOVA, SUPPORTED BY MANY OTHER "OVAS."

An amusing new item in the August issue of "Charlot's Revue," at the Prince of Wales's, is "Sealed Feet," a skit on the Russian Ballet, in which Miss Beatrice Lillie executes wonderful leaps, with the aid of wires. The names of the "corps de ballet" all end in "ova," including Bitova, Halfseezove, Pullova, and Shottover. Miss Hazel Wynne appears as Monsieur Toldoff.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

vanished—not one foreigner in a myriad can ever enunciate English without a breath of suspicion—but he had learned what was amiss, and to this day has never ceased to remember it. If actors and others would only ask the Gramophone Company ("His Master's Voice") for an audition, which I feel sure



THE FIRST FILM PLAY TO BE SHOWN AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (ON FLOOR, LEFT) IN A DUEL SCENE IN "DON Q., SON OF ZORRO."

The London Hippodrome is to produce on September 1, for a five weeks' season, the first film play ever shown at that theatre—"Don Q., Son of Zorro," with Douglas Fairbanks in the leading part. It was adapted from a story by Major Hesketh Pritchard and produced this year at Hollywood by a London actor, Donald Crisp. The film has since had a great success in New York.

would be willingly granted to them, they would have a rare experience, and one that would materially assist to deliver our stage from the spurious vowels defiling this beautiful language.

ASTRONOMY EXPLAINS WET WEATHER: SUN DUST AS RAIN-COLLECTOR.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., F.R.S.A.



OVERCHARGING OUR AIR WITH DUST, WHICH CONDENSES VAPOUR INTO WATER DROPS: THE SUN AGAIN REACHING ITS ELEVENTH YEAR SUNSPOT MAXIMUM, AS INDICATED BY RING-GROWTH IN CERTAIN TREES. (SEE INSET DIAGRAM.)

"The air," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "is a carrier of dust. Every cloud, mist, or fog is dependent upon dust for its formation. Much of it originates from the wear and tear at the earth's surface, but the greater part is of celestial origin, and is almost ultra-microscopic. It comes from the sun. Every eleven and a quarter years the sun attains maximum activity, known as the sunspot maximum. Prodigious quantities of dust are hurled into space. Our air becomes abnormally charged with it. Moisture collects around each particle, and each ultimately becomes the nucleus of a water-drop by condensation of the

water-vapour in our air. Rain is thus produced. In the dry climate of North Arizona, the annual rings of the pine and of the sequoia are dependent upon the annual rainfall. The size of each ring indicates roughly the amount of moisture. Professor A. E. Douglass finds an 11·4-year period for the ring growth, which synchronises with the solar cycle. The grouping of the rings of the pine in Sweden is also identical with the solar cycle. Our present wet climate is attributed to the fact that we are now passing through such a stage, prior to the sunspot maximum."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SYRIAN REBELS AGAINST FRANCE: THE DRUSES AND THEIR CAPITAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOUVIER AND COMMANDANT DELHOMME.



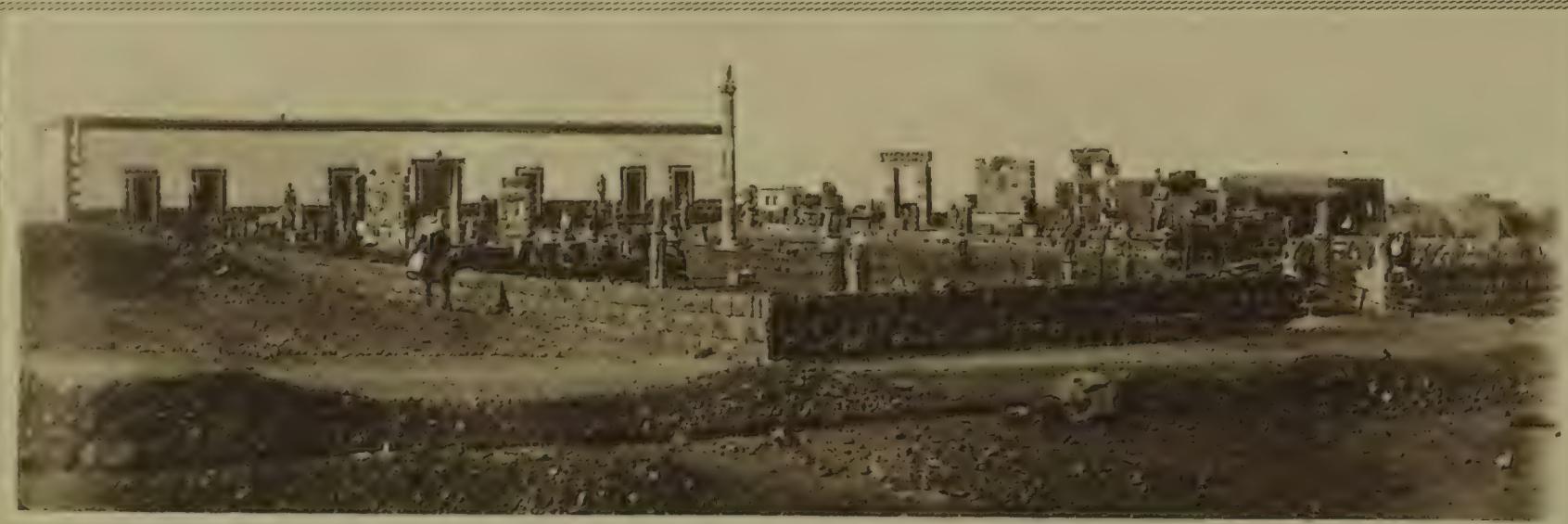
WHERE THE FRENCH GARRISON, CONSISTING OF ALGERIAN TROOPS, WAS RECENTLY BESIEGED BY THE DRUSES: THE FORTRESS OF SUEIDA, CAPITAL OF THE JEBEL DRUSE (MOUNTAIN OF THE DRUSES), IN THE HILLS BORDERING THE PLATEAU OF THE HAURAN IN SOUTHERN SYRIA, BETWEEN DAMASCUS AND TRANSJORDANIA.



BUILT BY THE TURKS IN 1910 FOR 2000 MEN: THE BARRACKS AT SUEIDA, STRIPPED OF DOORS, WINDOWS, AND FURNITURE BY THE DRUSES WHEN THEY REGAINED THEIR FREEDOM DURING THE WAR.



ADOPTED AS A RESIDENCE BY THE EMIR EL ATRASH, A CHIEFTAIN OF THE DRUSES RECENTLY IN REVOLT AGAINST THE FRENCH: THE INTERIOR OF THE PALACE AT SUEIDA, THEIR CAPITAL.



DESCRIBED BY A FRENCH WRITER AS THE "MUSÉE LAPIDAIRE" OF SUEIDA (APPARENTLY AN OPEN-AIR COLLECTION OF SCULPTURES AND ARCHITECTURAL REMAINS), WITH "THE SCHOOL" IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND: BUILDINGS IN THE CAPITAL OF THE JEBEL DRUSE, WHERE A REBELLION AGAINST FRENCH RULE RECENTLY BROKE OUT.

The Jebel Druse, a mountainous district near the Hauran plateau south of Damascus and bordering the northern frontier of Transjordania, is the home of the turbulent Druses, who recently rebelled, as they did two years ago, against the French administration in Syria. On August 12 the French Premier (M. Painlevé) stated that the French casualties numbered about 800, and an official communiqué issued in Paris summarised the news received from General Sarrail, the High Commissioner in Syria. It showed that a small column of 166 men sent to relieve the garrison in Sueida (the capital of the Jebel Druse) had been

surrounded, and only 70 men reached the town. Later, a force of 3000 under General Michand, on its way to Sueida, had its supply column cut off, and was forced to fight its way back, the casualties including 385 wounded and 432 missing. The garrison of Sueida, consisting of Algerian troops, had been surrounded, but, as they were provisioned for six weeks and received daily supplies by aeroplane, no fear was felt for their safety. French aeroplanes were also used to bomb the enemy's villages. A later message (mentioned on our front page) said that the Druses had opened negotiations with a view to peace, and that the fighting

(Continued opposite)

WORSHIPPERS OF A GOLDEN CALF? DRUSES AT THEIR CHIEF CITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COMMANDANT DELHOMME.



BUILT WITH MATERIALS REMOVED FROM THE GREAT TURKISH BARRACKS, WHICH THE DRUSES RIFLED AND PARTLY DEMOLISHED WHEN THE DEFEAT OF THE TURKS BY THE ALLIES IN THE WAR RESTORED THEIR FREEDOM: THE PALACE OF THE EMIR SELIM EL ATRASH.



A PICTURESQUE SCENE IN SUEIDA, THE HILL CAPITAL OF THE DRUSES, WHO RECENTLY BESIEGED THE FRENCH GARRISON OF ALGERIAN TROOPS THERE: DRUSE WOMEN WITH THEIR PITCHERS RETURNING AFTER HAVING FILLED THEM AT THE GREAT RESERVOIR CISTERN KNOWN AS THE "BIRKET."

Continued.]

had stopped. Both General Sarrail and M. Painlevé paid a tribute to the friendly attitude of the British authorities in Palestine, who by means of aeroplanes and armoured cars prevented part of the Druse forces from crossing into Transjordania and using it as a base of operations. "Bold warriors as the Druses are," said the "Times" recently, "they are poorly armed. . . . Their population in the Hauran but slightly exceeds 60,000 souls. . . . Their religious exclusiveness, too, makes it improbable that they will obtain any general support from the mainly Moslem inhabitants of the Syrian State of Damascus. Theirs is a peculiar faith,

with Hakim Biamrillahi, the sixth Fatimite Caliph of Egypt, who in A.D. 1016 proclaimed himself an incarnation of the Deity, and his Vizier Hamza, for its founders. Christian and Moslem tenets are combined with a belief in the transmigration of souls, a denial of predestination, and the condemnation of prayer as an impertinent interference with the Deity." Mr. J. D. Maitland-Kirwan, Secretary of the British Syrian Mission, writes: "The Druse faith is a secret religion, and many people think it centres round the worship of a calf—some say a golden calf. Disraeli gave support to this view in his novel, 'Tancred.'"

PERSONAL PORTRAITS—BY WALTER TITTLE.
HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

"YOU will like Henry Arthur Jones," Sir Edmund Gosse assured me before I had the pleasure of meeting the famous playwright. "He is such a kindly and genuine person. Be sure to take to him my most cordial greetings."

The hearty tone of the letter I had from him fixing a time for our meeting strongly corroborated in advance Sir Edmund's prediction. My visit to his house was doomed to long postponement, however: first by an attack of influenza that threatened his life for a time, and by the sad bereavement of his wife's death while his own illness still held him in confinement. When finally a telephone message summoned me to him at Hampstead, he was still in bed, and in care of a nurse. He gladly greeted the task of posing for me as an excuse to get up and sit in a chair for the first time in some weeks.

He looked quite worn from his illness and sorrow, but was nevertheless full of an eager, nervous energy that caused both the nurse and me to fear that he would overtax his lessened strength. His welcome on my arrival could not have been exceeded in its cordiality, and immediately he was at pains for my happiness and comfort, though, under the conditions, his own well-being should certainly have been the exclusive concern. His sense of hospitality amounts almost to an obsession. The sentences of the rapid conversation that continued throughout my stay were literally punctuated with generous efforts to give me something that might add to my comfort or pleasure. Cigars, cigarettes, a box to his play, "The Lie" (then in revival), whisky and soda, were among the things that occurred to him from time to time as tokens of hospitality to offer me; and, though I really would have preferred to continue with the drawing on which I was at work, he could not feel content until tea was served to me in the midst of my labours. And what a sweet spirit looked out from his alert eyes! When I protested that he was putting himself to entirely too much trouble because of my visit, he replied that he had often experienced the hospitality of my country, and he was positive that to excel us in this respect was an impossibility. Twenty times had he crossed the Atlantic, and long and delightful periods he had spent in America.

"So you live in Washington Square when you are in New York? I know it well. The old Brevoort is a favourite haunt of mine; we have doubtless lunched there often at the same time without knowing it. I have had many excellent friends in New York," and there followed reminiscences of Oliver Herford, Nicholas Murray Butler, Brander Matthews, Otis Skinner, Walter Page, John W. Davis, Joseph Choate, J. M. Beck, George Broadhurst, and others of his American friends. He spoke of strong work to be found in the plays of

assertions of that writer on subjects of government and international politics, and a chapter of it was in similar disagreement with Mr. Shaw. These documents revealed in places a power of vituperation and vitriolic denunciation that I would never have suspected in this exceedingly gentle person.

Mr. Jones is a contemporary of Sir Arthur Pinero, and their careers, he said, had covered about the same period of time. They are similar in the great amount of work that each has achieved; Mr. Jones having to his credit a round hundred plays, more than half of which have been produced. Beside this he has written quite extensively in other fields.

On the completion of my portrait the nurse and I had considerable difficulty in persuading him to return to his bed; but this was finally achieved after he had shown me the marvellous view of London from the great windows of his study, and various pictures, including caricatures of himself by Max Beerbohm and Oliver Herford, one of the most amusing representing him in altercation with the diabolically depicted Mr. Shaw. Even then I had to accept the previously offered cigar and whisky before I parted from him.

"I am sorry your present stay in London is so near its end. When you return you must not fail to let me know, and come to see me. I want you to meet some of my friends. And there are so many things here in the house that I would like you to see. My daughter can show some of them to you now."

She appeared, very like her father in her warm cordiality and ready smile,

and took me on a tour of inspection of various objects carefully enumerated by her father. Most important of them was a superb room, all the contents of which were designed and executed by William Morris as a set for one of Mr. Jones's plays. The furniture was most unusual in design, and covered with an all-over pattern of inlay of satinwood, mahogany, and other woods of light colour. There was a gorgeous leather screen with intricate arabesques, and, perhaps most important of all, a large and superbly executed tapestry of Botticelli's "Primavera." An excellent collection of prints by Durer and other masters of his school adorned the dining-room, and here Mrs. Thorne flattered me beyond words by requesting a sketch and my autograph in a book that contained inscriptions from more of this earth's really elect than I had ever seen collected between two covers.

As I walked down the steep Hampstead Hill to my bus at Maida Vale, I felt that I had had a most delightful visit with very old friends.

WALTER TITTLE.



WALTER TITTLE'S PORTRAIT OF A DISTINGUISHED DRAMATIST: MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

the younger writers, and praised the work of our young playwright, Eugene O'Neill, with much enthusiasm.

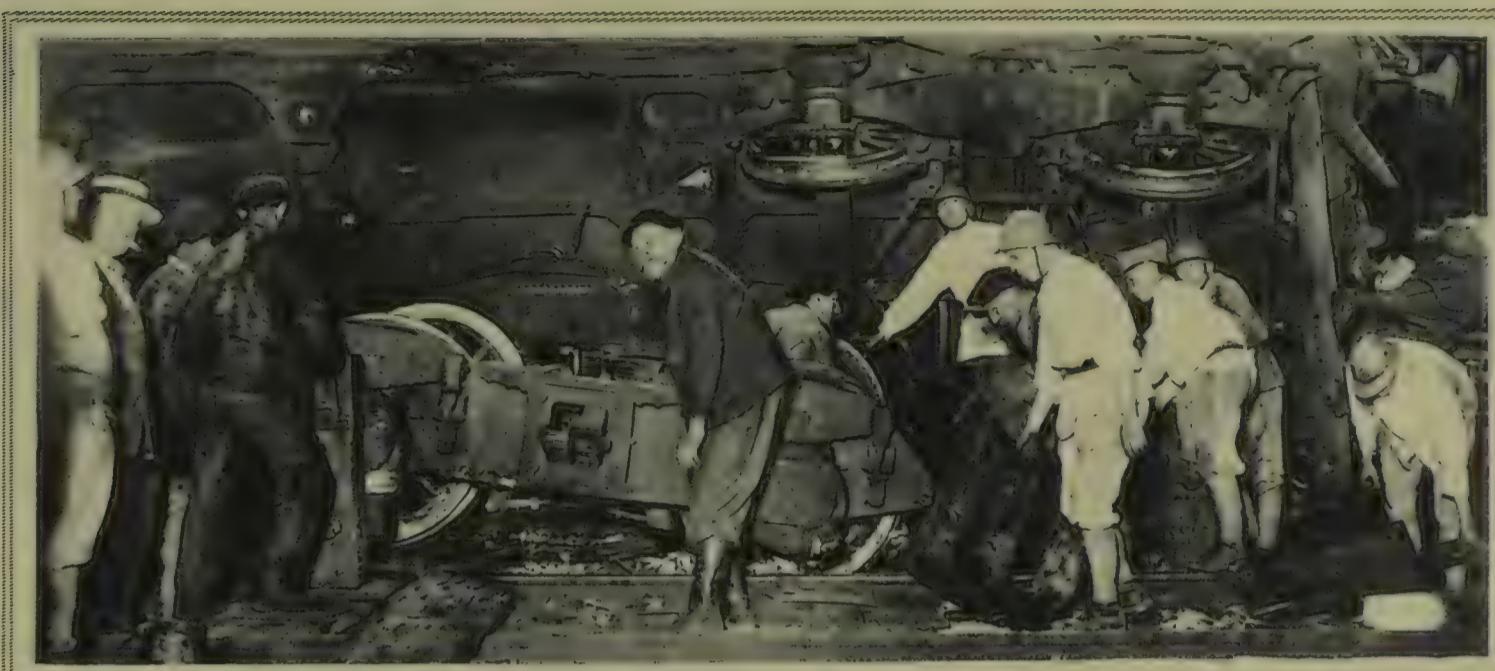
"'The Emperor Jones' is an excellent thing, and wasn't the negro actor who took the lead fine! 'Anna Christie' I do not think so good: the people portrayed are too faithfully real—'omnibus characters,' I would call them—the sort that one sees everywhere."

Leaning toward me, huddled in a fur coat donned over his pyjamas to protect him from the dampness of the day, he discussed for a while some of his British contemporaries. He was at odds with several of the demigods of the pen on certain subjects, particularly about the attitudes of some of them in the late war. He chose to be more or less friendly enemies with Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. He discoursed at considerable length on his differences with them, and, with a sudden return of his insatiate generosity, sent for five of his books, all of which he autographed to me. One of them, entitled "My Dear Wells," was devoted to a refutation of certain

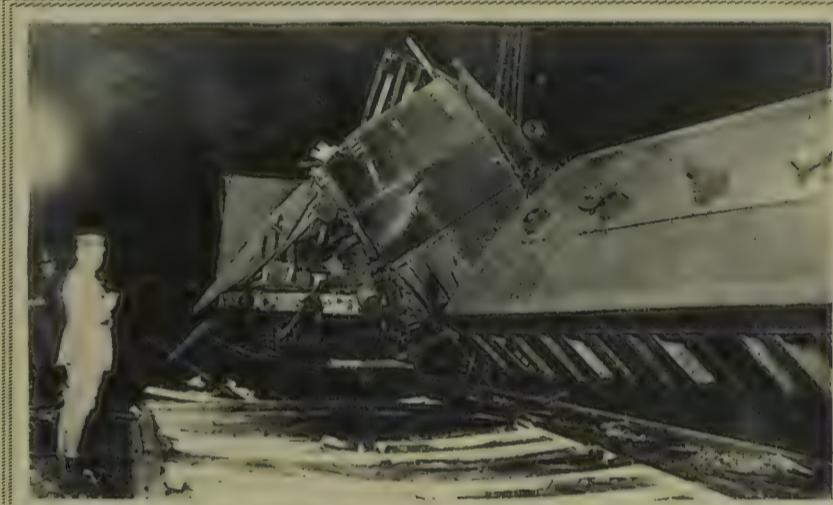
FRENCH RAILWAY DISASTERS: ONE OF 13 ACCIDENTS IN THREE WEEKS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.

AFTER THE
TERRIBLE
RAILWAY
DISASTER AT
AMIENS, WHERE
ELEVEN PEOPLE
WERE KILLED
AND ABOUT 140
INJURED (70 OF
THEM SERIOUSLY):
FRENCH SOLDIERS
SEARCHING THE
WRECKAGE
BESIDE THE
OVERTURNED
TENDER OF THE
PARIS-BOULOGNE
RELIEF EXPRESS.



THE WORST OF SEVERAL RECENT ACCIDENTS ON FRENCH RAILWAYS WITHIN A FEW DAYS: WRECKAGE OF THE PARIS-BOULOGNE TRAIN AT AMIENS.



AFTER THE PARIS-BOULOGNE TRAIN WAS WRECKED AT AMIENS WHILE RUNNING AT NEARLY 60 MILES AN HOUR: SOME OF THE SMASHED COACHES.



THE WRECK OF
THE PARIS-
BOULOGNE
EXPRESS PACKED
WITH HOLIDAY-
MAKERS BOUND
FOR THE SEASIDE:
ONE OF THE
PASSENGER
COACHES
REDUCED TO
SPLINTERS—
SHOWING GAS-
CYLINDERS, SOME
OF WHICH CAUSED
AN OUTBREAK
OF FIRE,
WHICH WAS
FORTUNATELY
EXTINGUISHED.

Much alarm has been caused among the travelling public in France by the large number of railway accidents that have occurred recently. The worst was that which is here illustrated—the wreck at Amiens, on August 13, of the Paris-Boulogne relief express carrying crowds of holiday-makers to the seaside. It is alleged that the train entered Amiens station at 58 miles an hour. The engine was brought to a sudden standstill by a broken rail and did not overturn, but the fourteen coaches behind crashed into each other with terrific force. On August 15 the casualty list was given as 11 dead, 70 seriously injured, and 70

slightly injured. Later it was stated that 60 people were still in hospital, of whom 15 were very badly hurt and 7 in danger of death. Two more accidents took place on the 14th, one at St. Denis (with 4 killed and 62 injured), and the other at Pontoise. "Since July 1," says the "Times," "35 people have been killed (i.e., on French railways), bringing the total for the year so far up to 43. Thus in 7½ months more persons have been killed on the railways than during the whole of 1924 (39) or 1923 (27). There have been 13 railway accidents since July 28."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

JUST now I am revelling in a temporary spell of freedom; the turmoil of a great city has become a thing of the past. My days are spent on the shimmering surface of a tiny Norfolk Broad, surrounded by woods, or on the marshes reached by crossing the Broad. This evening I am on the marsh, now watching a pair of short-eared owls, now a kestrel. As a Montagu's Harrier is in the neighbourhood, I may even see that before I leave. The owls are hunting. Swift, buoyant, and silent is their flight, for they sail on muffled wings, owing to the peculiar structure of the flight feathers, which are covered, as it were, with velvet pile to damp down vibration. For there must be no warning swish of wings where the hunter must seek his prey in the gathering gloom.

It is a quite characteristic flight—a few vigorous strokes of the wing, then a long "plane," sometimes turning in a wide circle, revealing, at such times, a fairly conspicuous whitish area, contrasting with an almost black area of about the same size, as the back is spread before one. Every now and then a swoop to earth is made, though this is not always to dispose of a victim. While on the ground the neck is incessantly craned this way and that, the head at the same time being turned to all points of the compass, for, owing to the mobility of the neck, the great face can be turned through nearly a complete circle.

Almost inevitably one comes presently to realise that the eyes of these birds, whether owl or kestrel, must have a keenness or acuity immeasurably greater than ours. This must be so, or how could they see a mouse running about on the ground, far beneath them, and in long grass too? And such eyes, furthermore, must have extraordinarily rapid powers of focussing, for the birds descend on their victims with the speed of an arrow. In what way, then, do their eyes differ from ours? To find the answer to this question one must either turn to a book, or, better still, go and look at an owl, or an eagle, if a pilgrimage to the Zoological Gardens or some aviary be possible. There, at any rate, one will be able to glean some information not otherwise obtainable.

The "film" which, as Browning tells us, "o'er-spreads the mother eagle's eye" is probably the first thing which will catch our attention. This is a semi-transparent membrane which is constantly passing obliquely over the eyeball. This is the "third eye-lid," and is known as the "nictitating membrane." The membrane being semi-transparent, the bird can see through it to some extent; hence, per-

haps, the old story of the eagle renewing its sight after looking at the sun, since it is commonly drawn down when looking at the bright sky. There is but a vestige of this membrane in ourselves and other mammals, and even this is wanting in the whale tribe. One sees it again in the crocodiles. Its purpose is to clean the surface of the eye. And to this end it is supplied with a watery fluid poured out from the "tear-gland," or "lachrymal gland," seated near the outer or hinder corner of the eye. The "tears" thus released, having served their purpose, are passed out through two slits into the nasal cavity.

In birds, it will be noticed, only the lower eyelid is movable, or at any rate in most birds.

And in many it is

strengthened by a saucer-shaped plate of gristle—large in the ostrich and birds of prey, absent in parrots and some other birds. Further than this one cannot go without turning to what are always supposed to be the dry details of anatomy. Dr. Lindsey Johnston, some years ago, made a large number of

which the light is focussed, is at present beyond us. Every species has a "comb" peculiar to itself, though between nearly related forms there is, as might be expected, a close similarity. The eyes of the gulls, shown below, demonstrate this point. That the "comb" of the puffin is so like that of the gull is again what we should expect, having regard to other evidence to show that the "auk tribe" are really but modified gulls. But this "comb" presents the most singular range of variations, not merely in shape, but in coloration, though no more than a very brief indication of this fact can be given here—in the pictures of this structure in the case of the bearded vulture and the laughing kingfisher. Even these, seen without their striking coloration, give but a faint idea of the facts. Nevertheless, they are most helpful pictures.

And now as to the acuity of vision which is so remarkable in birds. They are indeed "sharp-eyed." As in ourselves, the most sensitive part of the eye is that marked by the "yellow spot" a slight depression in the inner wall of the chamber, exactly opposite the very centre of the crystalline lens which marks the "pupil" of the eye. In many birds there are two such spots—one for monocular and one for binocular vision, marked by the axes F.F. in the adjoining photograph. The swift and the swallow have even three such spots. Sensitive as they are, however, something more is needed. And this is a focussing mechanism. In the owls and the eagles this is attained by an enormous development of the bony, overlapping plates which, by muscular action, can contract and thus increase the convexity of the exposed surface of the eyeball, which flattens as soon as the embrace of the plates is loosened. This is the mechanism which enables the bird rapidly to adjust its vision to near and distant objects, and to detect even a mouse in the grass. Birds' vision and ours is practically the same towards the yellow end of the spectrum (long wave lengths), but it falls far short of ours towards the blue-violet end. Birds cannot see blues and violets. Our vision would be like a bird's if we wore reddish-yellow glasses.

Finally, a word is needed about the astonishing range of colours presented by the "iris" in birds. This is the coloured area of the eye, which

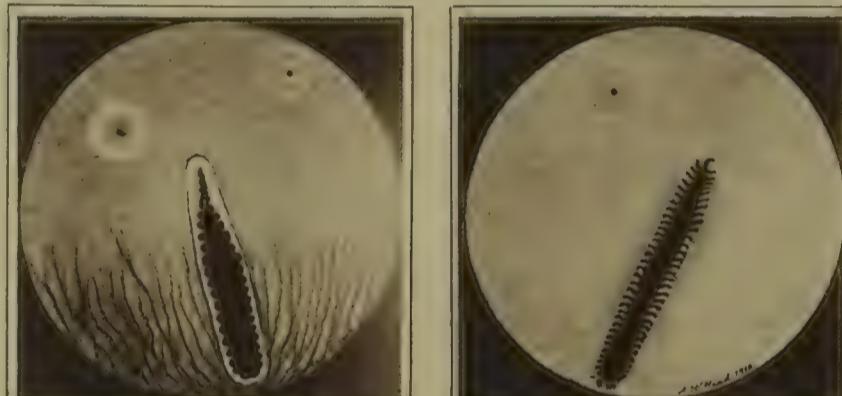
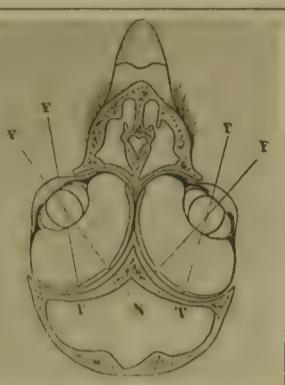
causes us to be blue- or brown-eyed as the case may be. But in birds the iris may be emerald-green, as in the cormorant; bright lemon-yellow or orange-yellow, as in the short-eared owl; carmine-red, as in the great-crested grebe; pale blue, as in the jay. Or it may be dark hazel-brown, almost black, as in the barn-owl. In the jackdaw it is white. This is remarkable enough; but why should some birds make a striking change in the coloration of their eyes as between immaturity and the adult stage? Thus, the great-crested grebe, when young, has a pale yellow eye, which changes to deep carmine in the adult. In how far, if at all, do these colours affect vision? What purpose do they serve if they have no effect on vision? These are but one or two of dozens of things we should like to know on this theme. Meanwhile, we have a good deal to go on with.

SHOWING THE TWO "BLIND SPOTS" (FOR MONOCULAR AND BINOCULAR VISION RESPECTIVELY) WITHIN THE HINDER CHAMBER OF THE EYE: SECTIONS THROUGH THE HEADS OF A SWALLOW (LEFT) AND A BROAD-WINGED HAWK.

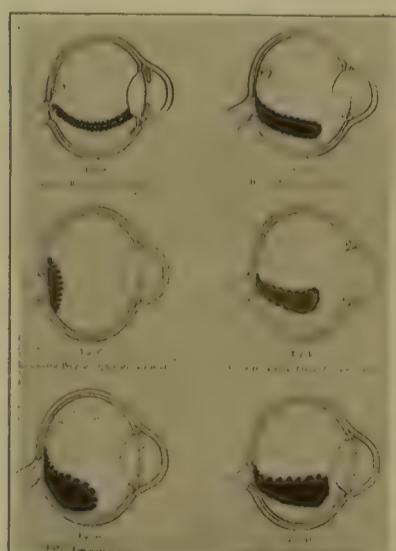
examinations of the eyes of birds and other animals, by means of an instrument which enabled him to study the interior of the living eye. Those of birds proved to be most surprisingly interesting, for he

concentrated attention on what is known as the "pecten," or "comb" of the eye. This is a structure peculiar to birds and some reptiles. It is formed of a series of upstanding folds, or *lamellæ*, which project from the entrance of the optic nerve far into the chamber of the eye. In the Apteryx, or Kiwi, whose eyes have become extremely reduced in size, little more than a mere vestige of this structure is found. In other birds it varies greatly, not merely in size and form, but in the number of its folds or *lamellæ*. Thus, in the eye of the nightjar there are no more than three; but there may be as many as thirty. Its purpose seems to be to provide nourishment for the "vitreous humour," as the fluid which fills the hinder chamber of the eye is called.

As will be seen by a reference to the accompanying photographs, the pecten varies in the most striking fashion in regard to its form. Why it should be so small in the penguin, while in the Ipecaha Rail it extends right across the chamber, to attach itself to the crystalline lens through



TYPICAL OF VARIATION IN COLOUR AS WELL AS SHAPE: (LEFT) THE "PECTEN" OF THE BEARDED VULTURE, IN LIFE COLOURED BRILLIANTLY; (RIGHT) THAT OF THE LAUGHING KINGFISHER, WITH A "BLIND SPOT" IN THE UPPER LEFT-HAND SEGMENT OF THE CAVITY.



DIFFERING GREATLY IN FORM: THE "COMB" IN THE EYE-CHAMBERS OF VARIOUS BIRDS (LEFT TO RIGHT, FROM TOP)—THE IPECCHA RAIL, HERRING GULL, BLACK-FOOTED PENGUIN, GREAT BLACK-BACKED GULL, PUFFIN, AND STONE PLOVER.

"These diagrams of the 'pecten' or 'comb' in different species of birds show its striking ranges of form. The function of these folds seems to be to nourish the vitreous humour of the eye, which fills this chamber."

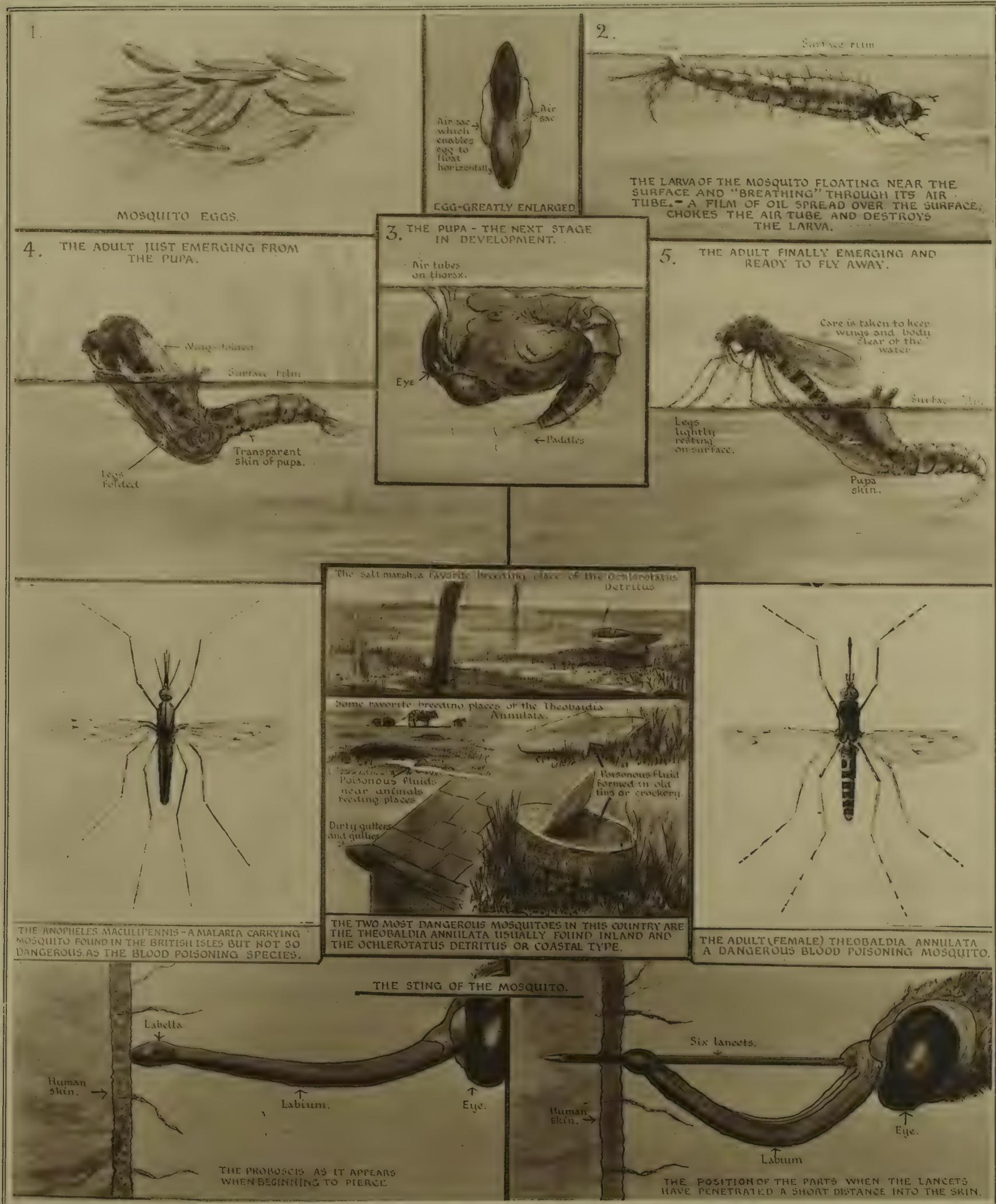


FOCUSING-MECHANISM IN THE EYES OF THE EAGLE (ABOVE) AND OWL (BELOW): OVERLAPPING BONY PLATES ENCIRCLING THE EYE-BALL.

"These overlapping bony plates, which encircle the eyeball in birds, enable the eye rapidly to adjust its focus to near and distant objects. The upper figures are those of the eye of an eagle; the lower of an owl.... The two left-hand figures show the outside of these plates. In the lowermost left figure the eye-ball is seen shrivelled up."

THE MOSQUITO MENACE IN THIS COUNTRY: POISONOUS "GNATS."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY MR. A. MOORE HOGARTH, F.E.S., HONORARY DIRECTOR OF THE COLLEGE OF PESTOLOGY IN LONDON.



THE BIRTH OF A MINUTE ENEMY OF MAN: STAGES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BLOOD-POISONING MOSQUITO.

The recent deaths of Lieut.-Com. J. K. Laughton, of the Royal Yacht, and Mr. F. S. Bardsley-Powell, following mosquito bites, has again drawn attention to the menace of the mosquito, and the necessity of fighting these pests here, as in tropical climates. There are quite a number of species of mosquito in the British Isles, the smaller called sometimes "gnats" by the general public; but, whether large or small, they are dangerous to human beings. The Council of the College of Pestology have recently completed a long search into the types and habits of these mosquitoes, and have reported that the malaria-carrying mosquito (*Anopheles Maculipennis*) found in this country is less dangerous than the faecal feeding type, the *Theobaldia Annulata*, and in a lesser degree its very near relation, the *Ochlerotatus Detritus*, which are the garbage-hunters of the salt

marshes on the coast. The female of each species immediately it leaves the pupa stage feeds on polluted moisture; then when it first bites its human victim and has its first feed of human blood (so necessary an ingredient for the fertilisation of its eggs), it leaves poisonous germs. Therefore, the mosquitoes we have mostly to fear are the *poison-carriers*, and against these we must take collective measures. As in both larva and pupa stages they must breathe to live, the method of extermination is to suffocate them before they become adults and able to fly. Mr. Marshall and his assistants at the laboratory at Hayling Island, near Portsmouth, are investigating and fighting the coastal species, but it remains to paraffin breeding places inland, and this necessitates the supervision of expert regional mosquito control committees.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

JUST as one man's food is another man's poison, so one man's monotony is another man's romance. Many a Londoner, for instance, fails to realise that the too familiar scene of his daily toil may be a goal of pilgrimage to the stranger from afar, enraptured with a sense of new surroundings, or gazing with eyes of wonder on ancient buildings bathed in the magical glamour of history. Thus, the barrister hurrying from his chambers to the Courts seldom pauses to admire the Norman doorway of the Temple Church, and the journalist, on his way from the Temple Station to his office, passes unregarding beneath the seventeenth-century gateway at the end of Essex Street. While we flock in our thousands to the summer sea, we forget that, to other thousands from the provinces and abroad, London is itself a holiday resort.

I have never visited London; I have only been born there and lived in it for half a century, at more than a score of different addresses. Some day I hope to approach it as a spell-bound rubber-neck, and wander round the Abbey and the Tower, and all the rest, guide-book in hand, and lost in the revelation of an old world made new. When that day comes, I shall certainly take for my guide a little book entitled "INTRODUCING LONDON," by E. V. Lucas. With 16 illustrations by Ernest Coffin (Methuen; 2s. 6d. net.). When I first opened it, I wondered what on earth Mr. Lucas was up to, plunging industriously into a sketch of London's history, in the style of a schoolmaster's introduction to Caesar on the invasion of Britain, with binding and illustrations to match. Very soon, however, I perceived the author's purpose, on reading that "Travellers to England from America enter London either at Euston, Waterloo, or Paddington, according as they land at Liverpool, Southampton, or Plymouth. German, Dutch, and other northern European travellers enter at Liverpool Street. French, Belgian, Italian and Spanish come to Victoria."

In short, Mr. Lucas has written a handbook to London for the foreign visitor, and discerning foreigners will appreciate their luck in having the way prepared for them by so eminent a pathfinder. Mr. Lucas must have found it great fun, and his dry humour crops up every now and then amid his admirably clear and concise directions; as when he says that St. Martin's-in-the-Fields "is one of the best churches that Sir Christopher Wren did not build"; or, in the Abbey, describes the statue of Wordsworth, seated, thinking of a rhyme, which he is to set down with the thickest pencil you ever saw"; or when he recalls that in Cloth Fair Street an "unsuspected Elizabethan façade was laid bare by the explosion of a German bomb in 1915—one of the few benefits which the war conferred"; or when, after mentioning the mark in the road by the Marble Arch indicating the position of Tyburn gallows, he adds: "Be careful not to be run over while searching for it." It was news to me, by the way, that the Marble Arch is "the residence of a number of policemen," and that badgers still breed in Ken Wood.

Naturally, Mr. Lucas is very much at home in the picture galleries, and his brief notes on their principal treasures will be very useful. For studying London history he recommends a visit to the London Museum at Lancaster House, and makes a remark of special interest to readers of this paper concerning one of its most distinguished artists. "While there you should not neglect Mr. Forester's very illuminating reconstructions of Londoners of the past."

As a field for character-sketching, the resources of London are inexhaustible. I have often longed for some faculty of divination, that would enable me to read the thoughts, and know all the motives and occupations, of the millions that pass to and fro in the moving pageant of the streets. Lacking such omniscience, however, an imaginative writer can do much by alert observation and tactful sociability. These are the methods which have produced "THE LONDON COMEDY: INTERLUDES IN TOWN," By C. P. Hawkes (The Medici Society; 7s. 6d. net). The author's style is racy and entertaining.

There is a link with the previous item on our menu in a description of a pawnbroker's shop-window. "Of how many dramas—even melodramas—have its exhibits once been the pathetic 'properties'? . . . Objects to inspire a de Maupassant or a Daudet, whose *Roi de la Gomme* might be imagined slinking in here to pawn his crown as guiltily as he crept into the *Mont de Piété* in the Marais, where Mr. E. V. Lucas, so he tells us somewhere, once tried to pledge his watch after closing time on a certain New Year's Eve."

Colonel Hawkes is more successful, I think, in studies of single characters than in descriptions of London types

in the bulk. Among the best are those of the old club waiter who came into a fortune, the broken-down actor, the Moroccan acrobat in Maiden Lane, the aged hermit who was an exiled grandee of Spain, and the gigantic ex-Bluejacket who set up a tiny sweet-shop in Knightsbridge. Recently on this page I pointed out how one writer will bore you with commonplaces of the Alps or the Himalayas, while another may thrill you with the romance of Primrose Hill. Here, sure enough, in a sketch called "The Piper of Primrose Hill," is a case in point.

Another sketch deals with the post-war revival of the top-hat. Recalling its zenith in the 'eighties, the author says: "If Tennyson and Darwin never wore toppers, Disraeli and Gladstone, Huxley and Matthew Arnold—and even Swinburne—did." I should have liked to see Swinburne in a top-hat. When I was a boy and used to stay at Putney, I often met him, out for his daily

radio appointments will be made to the second by quick thinkers, it will be necessary to dress quickly. Two garments only will suffice. . . . The future man will dress in an efficient boiler suit, made properly of synthetic silk or felt, partly metal-lined for his radio reception and health treatment. . . . Women's clothes will be similar to men's."

These seductive prospects are illustrated by "A Snapshot in A.D. 3000," showing a family group—papa, mamma, and two babies—all in boiler suits, tin hats, goggles, and respirators. The resemblance to German soldiers in gas-masks is accentuated by the presence of a mechanical toy dachshund with a "loud speaker" attached to its back. Another drawing, of a domestic interior, shows bald-headed papa in an arm-chair, absorbing nutriment through a pipe connected with a tap, while gazing through his goggles at a television screen picture of a motor race on the opposite wall. Elaborate switchboards supply means of communication with the outer world and with other planets. The other six drawings illustrate scientific improvements in travel, by rail and road, street architecture, and warfare.

In his forecast of future town-planning, with roofed streets and overhead landing-stages for aircraft, the Professor's ideas recall the visionary London of Mr. H. G. Wells's story, "The Sleeper Awakes." I have specified the illustrations, though artistically they are rather crude, because they emphasise the author's predilection for technical and material things. It is true he touches on more human subjects, such as women and marriage, politics, art, and religion; but, as compared with his predictions of new scientific "miracles," these chapters are vague and superficial, and mixed with a good deal of mere sarcasm aimed at present-day manners and customs.

Now there are limits to the blessings of mechanical science, which are liable to be counteracted by its war devilities. Apart from the improved means of education they provide, the amazing products of invention frequently resolve themselves into novel amusements and conveniences, or merely tend to increase the strain and bustle and artificiality of life. Personally, I should not care to live in an age when, as the Professor says, "unroofed and uninhabited parts of the country will be as rare as oases in a desert." The world's future happiness seems to me to depend not on mechanical marvels, but on social and moral reforms. Pope said that "We learn the future from the past of man." According to the Professor, "The past does not merit our wonder. The Pyramids, often quoted as a marvellous example of the builder's art, could be reproduced without difficulty." Does it occur to him that, if materials were all that mattered, it would be still easier to reconstruct the Cross?

It is a restful contrast to turn from the contemplation of a bizarre future to that of an intensely humdrum present, in a book of short stories about village life in Suffolk—namely, "EAST ANGLIAN NEIGHBOURS," by Marian Bower (Mills and Boon; 8s. 6d. net). Dialect is often irritating, but when it is well done, with humour and restraint, it has a lifelike quality attainable in no other way.

Miss Bower does it well, and readers who do not mind a good dose of dialect will like her tales. Here is a specimen of conversation between a village baby-farmer and a young mother, whom she offers to relieve of one of a pair of inexplicable twins—

"Nurse," Polly reminded her, "had a wonderful poor notion of red-headed 'un. She said red 'un 'ud never rear. She told me straight, she did, did bonneted Nurse, and she's stificated. . . .

"Haps I might disappoint Nurse—and Doctor too," leered Polly. "I ain't partial to buryns," she went on. "Last misfortune 'spector asked a mischievous deal o' questions, and Squire poked himself in whully uncalled for, he did."

There is also one non-dialect story about middle-class people. It astonished me to think that such women as Ethelinda Biggleswade—a starved spinster of early Victorian type, with domineering parents—may linger still, in these days of emancipated youth, pining in remote corners of the country. This is a book which ought to have been in the *format* of a novel, with character illustrations, instead of a binding that rather suggests a volume of sermons.

C. E. B.



COMMEMORATING AMUNDSEN'S POLAR FLIGHT: A PILLAR, INSCRIBED WITH THE NAMES OF HIS PARTY, UNVEILED IN SPITZBERGEN, RECENTLY PROCLAIMED AS A NORWEGIAN POSSESSION.

The gallant attempt made last May by Captain Roald Amundsen and his five comrades to reach the North Pole by aeroplane—an adventure during which they were for some weeks missing and had a narrow escape—has been commemorated by this limestone slab executed by miners at King's Bay, Spitzbergen, their base for the flight. Norwegian sovereignty over the Spitzbergen archipelago (under a treaty signed in 1920) was proclaimed at Longyear City, Advent Bay, on August 14. The whole archipelago is to be known as Svalbard (Coldland), as in the old sagas, but each island—Spitzbergen, Bear Island, and North East Land—retains its individual name.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

constitutional, a forlorn and melancholy figure in a rusty black suit and black wideawake, looking rather like a Nonconformist parson as he trudged along, always alone, his arms swinging free, and gazing ahead with an abstracted, far-away expression. The vision came back to me poignantly years afterwards when, on his death, it fell to my lot to call at the Pines and interview Mr. Watts-Dunton (himself very ill at the time), in reference to illustrating the poet's home, with his portrait, in this paper.

Strangely enough, the subject of headgear affords a bridge of transition to our next book, "THE FUTURE," by A. M. Low, F.C.S., F.R.G.S., M.I.A.E., with 8 full-page Plates (Routledge; 5s. net). Professor Low, as he is described on the cover, though it is not stated what chair he holds, or where, is a Fellow and Member of Council of the Institute of Patentees, an Associate of the City and Guilds Institute, and author of several technical works, including "Wireless Possibilities" and "The Oscillographic Manograph." His new work is a collection of scientific prophecies about things in general. In a chapter on clothes he says: "The future hat will be worn practically continuously, owing to the prevalence of baldness. . . . As

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSSELL, KEYSTONE, CENTRAL PRESS, AND LAFAYETTE.



EQUAL WITH "W.G." IN HIS TOTAL OF CENTURIES: JACK HOBBS, THE FAMOUS SURREY CRICKETER.



AN ORGANISER OF ONTARIO'S HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER FROM NIAGARA: THE LATE SIR ADAM BECK.



AUTHOR OF THE SHEPPARD REPORT CRITICISING POLICE METHODS: MR. J. F. P. RAWLINSON, K.C., M.P.



AUTHOR OF A STATEMENT ON THE SHEPPARD CASE: SIR WILLIAM HORWOOD, COMMISSIONER OF POLICE.



A FAMOUS INDIAN RULING PRINCE AT WEMBLEY: THE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA, WITH SIR TRAVERS CLARKE (L.) AND MR. VINCENT (R.), LEAVING THE INDIAN PAVILION.



SPANISH-MOROCCAN PEACE OVERTURES: SENOR ECHEVARRIETA, THE SPANISH EMISSARY (LEFT), WITH ABDEL KRIM AT ALHUCEMAS.



THE NEW GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF NIGERIA: SIR GRAEME THOMSON, K.C.B.



AN M.P.'S SUDDEN DEATH: THE LATE MR. WILLIAM GREENWOOD, MEMBER FOR STOCKPORT.

Jack Hobbs, the Surrey batsman, made his 126th century in first-class cricket, on August 17, in the match against Somerset at Taunton, thus equalling the record of Dr. W. G. Grace.—Sir Adam Beck was formerly a Member of the Ontario Legislature, and was Chairman of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission. He did much to establish public control over Niagara Falls.—Mr. J. F. P. Rawlinson was appointed by the Home Secretary to inquire into the case of Major Sheppard, who was recently arrested through mistaken identity and kept in custody several hours before being released on bail. Mr. Rawlinson strongly criticised police methods. The Commissioner of Police, Sir William Horwood, returned to town from his holiday, to inquire into the circumstances and prepare

"COMPLETE ACCORD": M. BRIAND WITH MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN (R.) AND M. DE FLEURIEL (L.), AT VICTORIA.

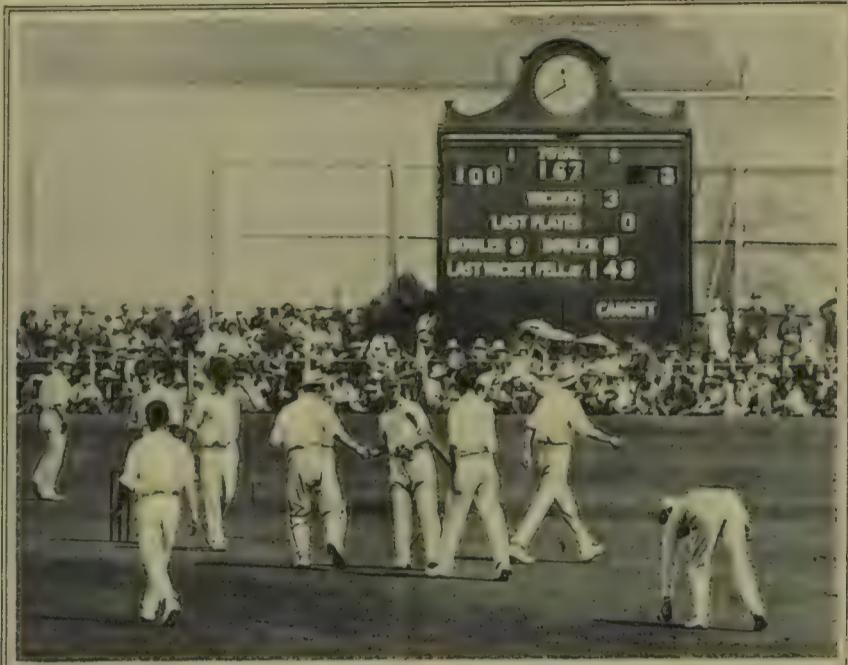
a statement for the Home Secretary.—The Maharajah of Patiala visited the Wembley Exhibition on August 11.—Senor Echevarrieta acted as intermediary between the Spanish Government and Abdel Krim, the Rifi leader, at Alhucemas, in the recent peace negotiations.—Sir Graeme Thomson has been for some years Governor of British Guiana. Previously he was Colonial Secretary of Ceylon, after holding high posts at the Admiralty.—Mr. William Greenwood, Unionist M.P. for Stockport, and a prominent cotton-spinner, died suddenly in London on August 12.—During his recent visit to London M. Briand, the French Foreign Minister, had audience of the King, and conferred with Mr. Austen Chamberlain regarding the proposed Security Pact and the Franco-British Note to Germany.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, FRANKL, AND PHOTOPRESS.



BRINGING HIS TOTAL OF CENTURIES IN FIRST-CLASS CRICKET EQUAL TO GRACE'S RECORD (126) : HOBBS (NEAR CENTRE) MAKING HIS HUNDREDTH RUN AT TAUNTON—THE SCORING-BOARD SHOWING 99.



AFTER THE HISTORIC RUN, WITH 100 TO HIS CREDIT ON THE SCORING-BOARD : HOBBS (SHAKING HANDS WITH THE WICKET-KEEPER) BEING CONGRATULATED BY THE SOMERSET TEAM.



ONE OF THREE FRENCH RAILWAY ACCIDENTS WITHIN TWO DAYS: WRECKAGE AT ST. DENIS (NEAR PARIS), WHERE TWO EXPRESSES COLLIDED, CAUSING 4 DEATHS AND 62 INJURIES.



AN OLD ESSEX TOLL-HOUSE TO BE MOVED TEN YARDS BACK FROM THE ROAD, TO ALLOW OF WIDENING: THE ROUND HOUSE, BROOK STREET HILL, NEAR BRENTWOOD.



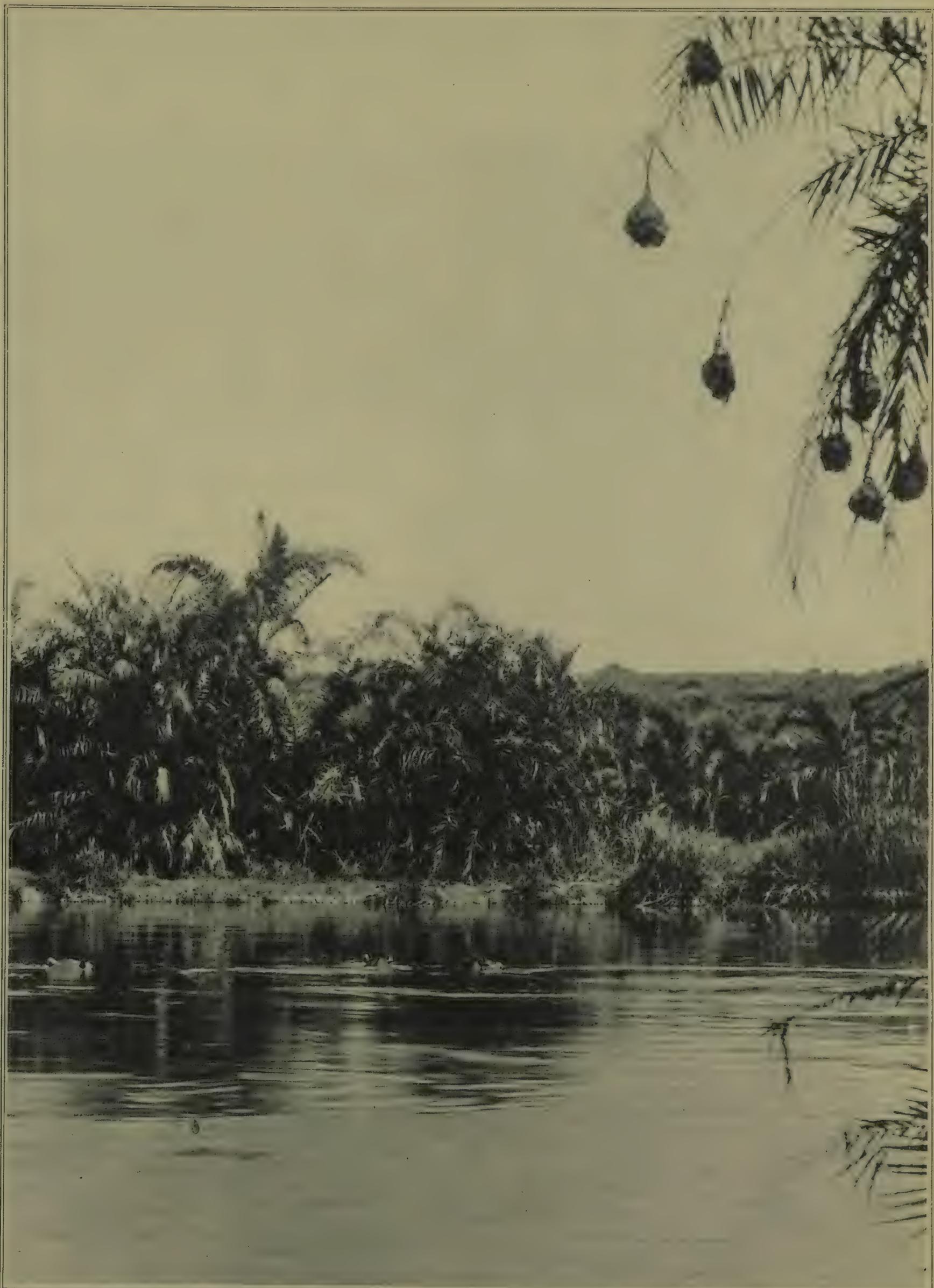
PRESIDENT HINDENBURG'S FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT TO A FEDERAL STATE OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC: HIS ARRIVAL AT THE RATHAUS, MUNICH, THE CAPITAL OF BAVARIA.

In the Surrey v. Somerset cricket match at Taunton, Jack Hobbs, the famous Surrey batsman, made his 126th century in first-class cricket at home and abroad, thus equaling the record of the late Dr. W. G. Grace. There was a huge crowd of spectators (including many from London), and great enthusiasm when Hobbs made his hundredth run.—Two more railway accidents in France occurred on August 14, the day after the Amiens disaster (illustrated on page 345). At St. Denis, just outside Paris, the Amsterdam-Cologne-Paris express crashed into the rear of the Lille-Paris express, which had halted. Four people were killed



THE KING OF IRAQ ARRIVES IN LONDON: KING FEISAL (RIGHT) WELCOMED AT VICTORIA—(ON LEFT) COL. DE SATGÉ.

and 62 injured. At Pontoise a Dieppe-Paris express was derailed and one coach overturned, but fortunately only six passengers were slightly hurt.—The curious old Round House on Brook Street Hill, near Brentwood, was for a hundred years used as a toll-house for coaches on the main Essex road.—Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, President of the German Republic, visited Munich on August 12.—King Feisal of Iraq arrived in London on August 17. He was received at Victoria, on behalf of the King, by Sir John Hanbury Williams, Chief Diplomatic Marshal, Sir Percy Cox and Col. de Satgé, representing the Colonial Secretary, were also present.



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS IN HOME WATERS: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE CONGO.

This photograph, like the larger one given on our double-page in this number, was taken in Africa by the famous big-game photographer, Mr. Marius Maxwell. As noted under the other example, he is bringing out a new and cheaper edition

of his book, "Stalking Big Game with a Camera," and specimens of his remarkable work with the camera will be shown at the forthcoming exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society.



THE HOME OF THE RIVER-HORSE: A WONDERFUL CLOSE-RANGE PHOTOGRAPH OF A SCHOOL OF HIPPOPOTAMI SWIMMING IN THE CONGO.

We reproduce here and on another page two more of Mr. Marius Maxwell's very remarkable close-range photographs of African big game (in this case hippopotami) in their native haunts. Our readers will doubtless remember his wonderful "snapshot" of charging elephants given as a four-page folder in our issue of April 12, 1924. Further examples appeared in that of August 16 last year, in connection with a review of his book, "Stalking Big Game with a Camera"

(Medici Society; £12 12s. net). Our readers who are interested in his work will be glad to know that a new and cheaper edition, in royal quarto, at 50s., is to be published shortly by Messrs Heinemann. Mr. Maxwell's latest results in big-game photography are also to be shown this autumn in the Royal Photographic Society's exhibition.

EFFECTS OF A CYCLONE ON A TOWN: BORCULO, IN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., GAZENDAM (DEVENTER).



WITH ITS ROOF TORN OFF AND THE DEBRIS SCATTERED ON THE GROUND: THE PROTESTANT CHURCH AT BORCULO AFTER THE DISASTER.



RUINS OF A TANNERY AT BORCULO AFTER THE CYCLONE: A GREAT PILE OF FRAMES WITH STRETCHED HIDES AND AN UPROOTED TREE.



FOOD DISTRIBUTION ORGANISED BY THE BURGOMASTER AFTER THE STORM: HANDING OUT BREAD IN BORCULO, WHERE HUNDREDS WERE RENDERED HOMELESS.



ONCE A THRIVING FARM, NOW ONLY A HEAP OF STONES AND TILES: A TYPICAL SCENE OF WRECKAGE AT BORCULO.



WITH ROOF AND UPPER STOREY WRECKED AND WINDOWS SMASHED: THE SCHOOL AT BORCULO, AND A TREE BLOWN DOWN BY THE CYCLONE.



AFTER THE CYCLONE (LUCKILY NOT LATE AT NIGHT) WHICH WRECKED UPPER FLOORS AND BLEW BEDSTEADS INTO THE STREET: BORCULO PEOPLE RETRIEVING THEIR BEDS.

HOLLAND, AFTER A STORM WORSE THAN BOMBARDMENT.

CENTRAL PRESS, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



WHERE FOUR PEOPLE WERE KILLED, SOME 200 INJURED, AND 200 REBUILT HOMELESS BY THE CYCLONE, WHILE THE DAMAGE TO PROPERTY AMOUNTED TO £300,000: AN AIR VIEW OF THE STRICKEN TOWN OF BORCULO, WITH ALMOST EVERY ROOF TORN OFF AND MANY HOUSES COLLAPSED.

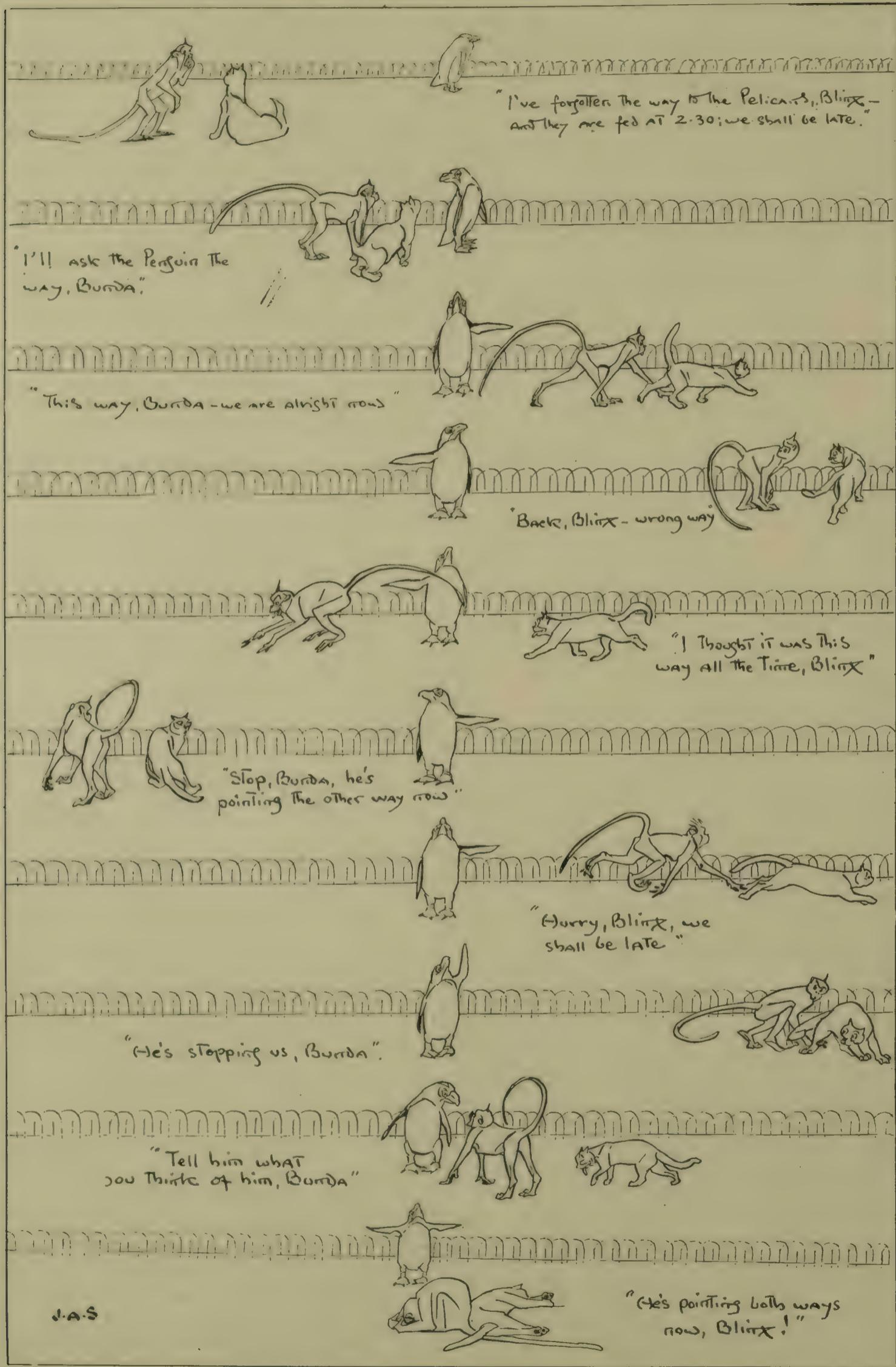


The great cyclone that swept over eastern Holland on the evening of August 10, destroying in its path several small villages and outlying farms, reached its climax of devastation at Borculo, a little town of 5000 inhabitants near Zutphen. The havoc wrought there by the whirlwind within the space of about fifteen minutes was described by the Burgomaster, Jonkheer de Mural, as worse than that at Lierre, in Belgium, which he had seen after it had been bombarded by the Germans seven times. Fortunately, the storm did not come in the middle of the night, when the people would have been in bed, for then the casualties would have been much more severe, as roofs and upper storeys were practically all ripped off, and bedsteads were flung into the street. As it was, most of the inhabitants were in the lower parts of their houses, and only four were killed—a small number in the circumstances. Some 200 were injured, and

2000 rendered homeless. The damage done in Borculo alone was estimated at £300,000, and in the whole area of the storm's track about £700,000. After the storm the Burgomaster, who went to the Hague to obtain Government aid, organised committees to control the distribution of food. On August 12 the Queen of Holland and Princess Julianne visited Borculo to express sympathy with the sufferers. Our photographs, two of which were taken from the air, show vividly the extraordinary amount of damage that such a cyclone can do in a town. Substantial buildings collapsed or were stripped of their roofs, fragments were hurled hundreds of yards, trees uprooted, vehicles and railway trucks overturned or blown away. Both the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches were badly damaged. Fires broke out, but were extinguished by rain. A force of 350 military engineers was sent to Borculo to clear the roads and railway.

BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO": No. XXIV.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



ILLUSTRATING THE NEED FOR A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE: BLINX AND BUNDA MISTAKE THE PENGUIN'S PHYSICAL JERKS FOR SIGNS OF DIRECTION.

There was a slight misunderstanding when Blinx asked a Penguin the way to the Pelicans, in order to see them fed. The Penguin did not understand the question, being ignorant of the feline tongue, and it happened to be the moment for his physical exercises. Extending first

one flipper and then the 'other, like a policeman on point duty, he reduced Blinx and Bunda to a state of bewildered exasperation, for they interpreted his physical jerks as signs of direction. The incident serves to emphasise once more the need for a universal language.



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DUNLOP—THE STANDARD by which ALL TYRES ARE JUDGED

SCULPTURE IN ABRAHAM'S CITY 2300 YEARS BEFORE CHRIST: THE GREAT STELA OF KING UR-ENGUR.

By C. L. WOOLLEY, Director of the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania to Mesopotamia.

ABOUT 2300 B.C. Ur-Engur, who was Governor for the King of Erech over the vassal city of Ur, revolted against his overlord and established himself as King of an independent state, which soon grew to be a great empire. His own reign was brief, but the dynasty which he founded lasted for a hundred and fifty years, and under him and his sons Ur enjoyed the most glorious period of its long history. It is a curious thing that these Kings, who were successful warriors and builders on a vast scale, appeared to have left no record of themselves; thousands of inscribed clay tablets belonging to the period have been preserved, but they are all of a private and business character—contracts and deeds of sale—and amongst them all there is not one of a purely historical nature: no annals of a royal reign, no story of conquest, no codifications of law; and, though art flourished under munificent patrons, there was no important monument known to illustrate to us the art of the Third Dynasty of Ur. All the more interest, therefore, must attach to the discovery which the Joint Expedition made last season of the fragments of a huge limestone stela, whereon King Ur-Engur himself celebrated in a series of sculptured scenes the principal achievements of his reign.

Most of the fragments were found close together in the courtyard of a temple called E-dublal-makh; two were discovered re-used as building material in a chamber probably of the fifteenth century B.C., far away on the other side of the Ziggurat tower; two more had been found in 1923 a hundred yards away in another direction, in the ruins of E-nun-makh, the temple of the Moon God and his wife. It would seem that the monument had been broken up, perhaps by the Elamites who in 2183 B.C. sacked the city, and its scattered bits re-used by later builders, as is bound to happen in a land where stone is an imported luxury; then, many years afterwards, these buildings in their turn had been overthrown, and the fragments of the old stela, brought once more to light, had once more been broken up into smaller pieces. What we have found as yet is but a fraction of the original monument (none can say in what still-buried ruin the rest of it may await discovery), but even so, it is the finest example of the art, and the most important monument of the history, which we possess of Ur's greatest age.

The stela was five feet wide, and must have been at least fifteen feet high; in thickness it tapered slightly from the bottom upwards. The two sides were covered with reliefs, different scenes arranged in horizontal bands, not all of the same height, separated by plain, raised edging. Two fragments bear scenes of sacrifice. In one the King, behind whom stands an attendant priest, faces a simple altar or base, on the other side of which is a man ready to pour a libation from a slender vase; in another we have a scene of animal sacrifice unexampled in Sumerian art.

A bull has been thrown to the ground and lies prone; one man sets his foot upon the animal's chin and grasps its forelegs; another stoops over the body and cuts open the breast to examine the liver, for divination by the liver was one of the commonest forms of Babylonian magic. Meanwhile, a third man has cut off the head of a he-goat, and, holding the body like a water-skin, by the hind legs and the neck, pours out the blood in a stream in front of a low base whereon stands the statue of a god bearing a flail.

On another fragment we have remains of two scenes. Above, there is a throne on which was a seated figure, probably that of the King, and before him is a man armed with a short baton who guides another man, apparently a prisoner with his arms tied behind his back; this must be a

He claims the labour, but credits Heaven with the blessing of increase!

But the most interesting and best-preserved piece (as shown here it is built up from many smaller pieces and partly restored) records the building of the great Ziggurat of Ur, the huge terraced tower of brick which was then the glory of Ur-Engur's city, and is to-day the most imposing ruin in Iraq. In the upper register the King, supported by an attendant goddess, appears twice over, pouring libations to Nannar, the Moon God (on the right), and to Nin-Gal, the Moon God's wife (on the left); he pours the holy water into a tall vase or stand in which are set clusters of dates and palm-leaves. But the god holds out to his worshipper (like Ezekiel's angel) the measuring rod and coiled line of the architect, thus bidding him to "build him a house." In the second scene, of



RECORDING THE INCEPTION OF THE GREAT ZIGGURAT OF UR, BUILT BY KING UR-ENGUR: FRAGMENTS OF THE STELA RECENTLY PIECED TOGETHER, SHOWING THE KING POURING LIBATIONS TO THE MOON GOD NANNAR (ON RIGHT) AND HIS WIFE NIN-GAL (LEFT), AND (BELOW) COMING BEFORE THE GOD AS A WORKMAN BEARING MASON'S TOOLS, LED BY A MINOR GOD (LEFT) AND ATTENDED BY A SUMERIAN PRIEST (RIGHT).

Photograph by Courtesy of the British Museum and Mr. C. Leonard Woolley.

commemoration of Ur-Engur's victories in war, and in the lower register the two men who beat an enormous drum may well be celebrating the same triumph. At the foot of the fragment is part of an inscription in which are enumerated the canals dug by the King—for then, as now, the prosperity of Mesopotamia depended on its irrigation system, and the first duty of any Government was to maintain and enlarge the canal system of the country. We have clay cones of Ur-Engur recording the digging of several canals, "so that men might grow onions and other vegetables," and that ships might come up from the Persian Gulf to the docks of the capital city. But, though the King here takes due credit for his work on the water supply, he seems to show more modesty in the reliefs which decorate the two sides of another fragment; here Ur-Engur stands with his hands lifted in the attitude of prayer or adoration, and from above there fly down towards him angels holding vases from which streams of water pour out.

which only a small part remains, Ur-Engur is introduced into the divine presence by a minor god, and, to symbolise his obedience to Nannar's command, he bears on his shoulder all the tools of the builder—pick-axe and basket, compasses, a ladle for the bitumen mortar, and what may be a trowel for spreading it over the bricks; he comes as the master mason attended by a shaven Sumerian priest, who helps him to carry his unwonted burden. Below this there was once a scene, now represented by small fragments only, which showed the actual building of the tower, with the bricklayers at work and the labourers climbing ladders with baskets of mortar.

Great as is the historic interest of this record of the building of the Ziggurat, the importance of the monument as illustrating the art of the time is greater still; and those fragments where the surface of the stone is well preserved, and so the artist's work can be fairly judged, are a striking testimony to the high artistic traditions and technical mastery of the sculptors of the twenty-third century before Christ.

"THAT MEN MIGHT GROW ONIONS": UR-ENGUR, CANAL-BUILDER, 2300 B.C.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, DIRECTOR OF THE JOINT EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND OF THE MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA TO MESOPOTAMIA.
BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



SHOWING THE HEAD OF A SUMERIAN WORKMAN: A SMALL FRAGMENT OF THE STELA FOUND AT UR. This is one of the many fragments of the great stela which have been found in various parts of the excavations at Ur. It bears the head of a Sumerian workman with short beard and hair.

USEFUL IN 2300 B.C. JUST AS MUCH AS TO-DAY: A FLY-WHISK CARRIED BY A PRIEST—A FRAGMENT OF THE STELA

Those who have lived in the East understand how it was that Satan came to be called "the lord of flies." Fly-whisks were as necessary in Ur 2300 years ago as they are now.

UR-ENGUR AS CONQUEROR AND CANAL-BUILDER: A FRAGMENT OF THE STELA SHOWING A PRISONER, MUSICIANS WITH A BIG DRUM CELEBRATING THE KING'S TRIUMPH, AND (BELOW) AN INSCRIBED LIST OF HIS CANALS.

"Above there is a throne on which was a seated figure, probably the King, and before him is a man with a short baton, who guides another man, apparently a prisoner. This must be a commemoration of Ur-Engur's victories in war, and in the lower register the two men who beat an enormous drum may well be celebrating the same triumph. At the foot of the fragment is part of an inscription in which are enumerated the canals dug by the King."

THE MOON-GOD'S GIFT OF WATER TO THE THIRSTY LAND OF MESOPOTAMIA: A FRAGMENT OF THE GREAT STELA OF UR, SHOWING AN ANGEL (LEFT) POURING WATER FROM ABOVE, AND KING UR-ENGUR (RIGHT) WHO DUG THE CANALS.

"Then (in 2300 B.C.) the prosperity of Mesopotamia depended on its irrigation system; and the first duty of any government was to maintain and enlarge the canal system of the country. We have clay cones of Ur-Engur recording the digging of several canals 'so that men might grow onions and other vegetables,' and that ships might come up from the Persian Gulf to the docks of the capital city."

LIFTING HIS HANDS IN PRAYER OR ADORATION WHILE AN ANGEL (RIGHT) POURS WATER FROM A VASE: KING UR-ENGUR (LEFT)—SCULPTURE ON THE STELA RECORDING HIS WORK AS A CANAL-BUILDER.

"Though the King (in an inscription) takes due credit for his work on the water supply, he seems to show more modesty in the reliefs which decorate the two sides of another fragment (of the stela). Here Ur-Engur stands with his hands lifted in the attitude of prayer or adoration, and from above there fly down towards him angels holding vases from which streams of water pour out; he claims the labour, but credits Heaven with the blessing of increase."

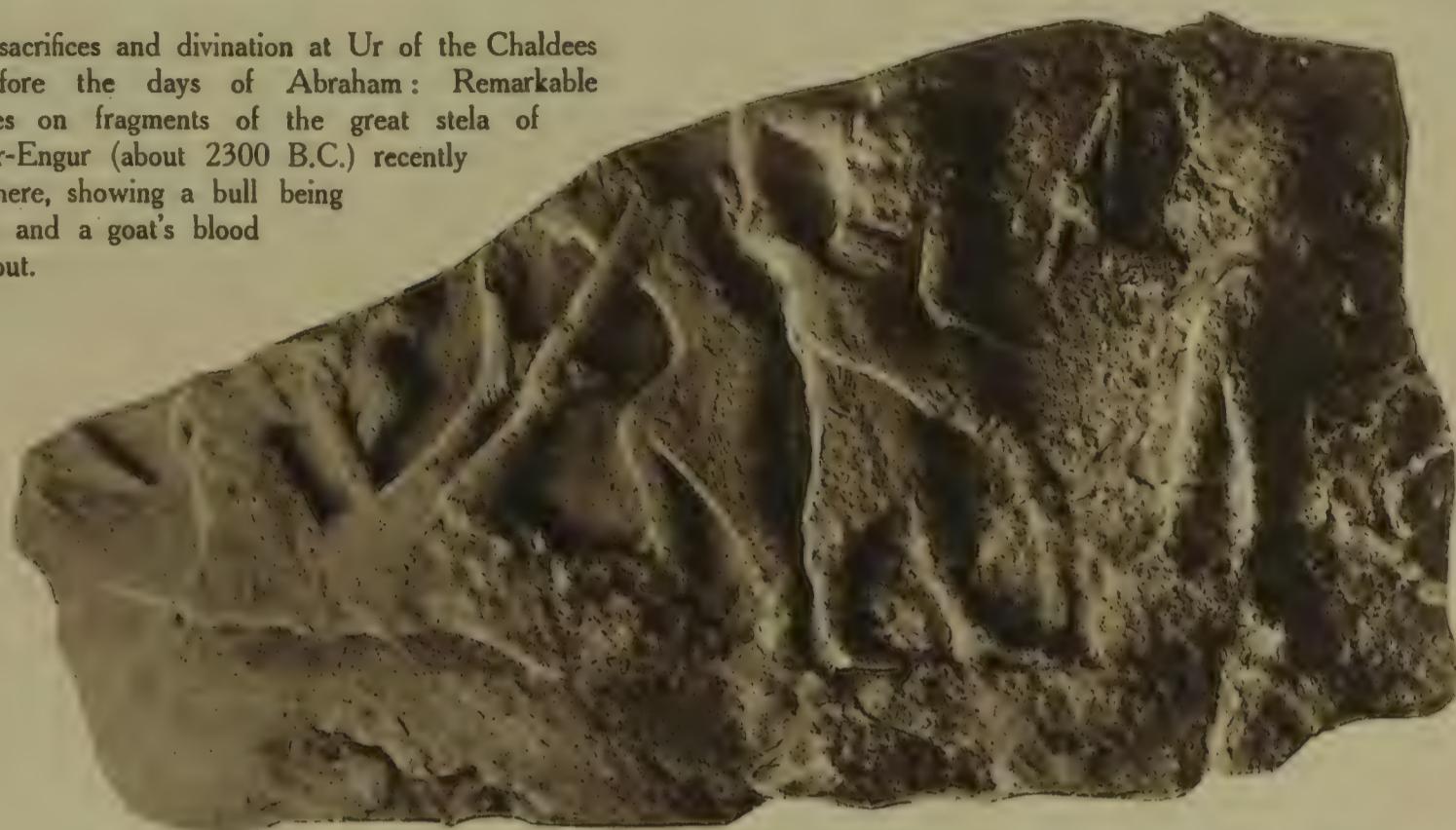
The important discovery made last March at Ur of the Chaldees, the city of Abraham, of a great sculptured limestone stela, or memorial column, has already been recorded and illustrated in our issue of April 18. Since that date, however, many more of the scattered fragments have been found and pieced together, and we are now enabled to give further and more detailed photographs, showing fresh pieces of sculpture and the latest results of the joining process. On a previous page in this number the existing state of reconstruction of the

monument is described in an article by Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, the distinguished archaeologist who is conducting the excavations in Mesopotamia. The stela records the achievements of King Ur-Engur, founder of the Third Dynasty of Ur about 2300 B.C., and builder of the great Ziggurat, or tower, as well as the constructor of many canals. The stela (in the words of Mr. Woolley) is "the finest example of the art, and the most important monument of the history, which we possess of Ur's greatest age." It is on view at the British Museum.

SACRIFICE AND AUGURY AT UR: BULL'S LIVER AND GOAT'S BLOOD.

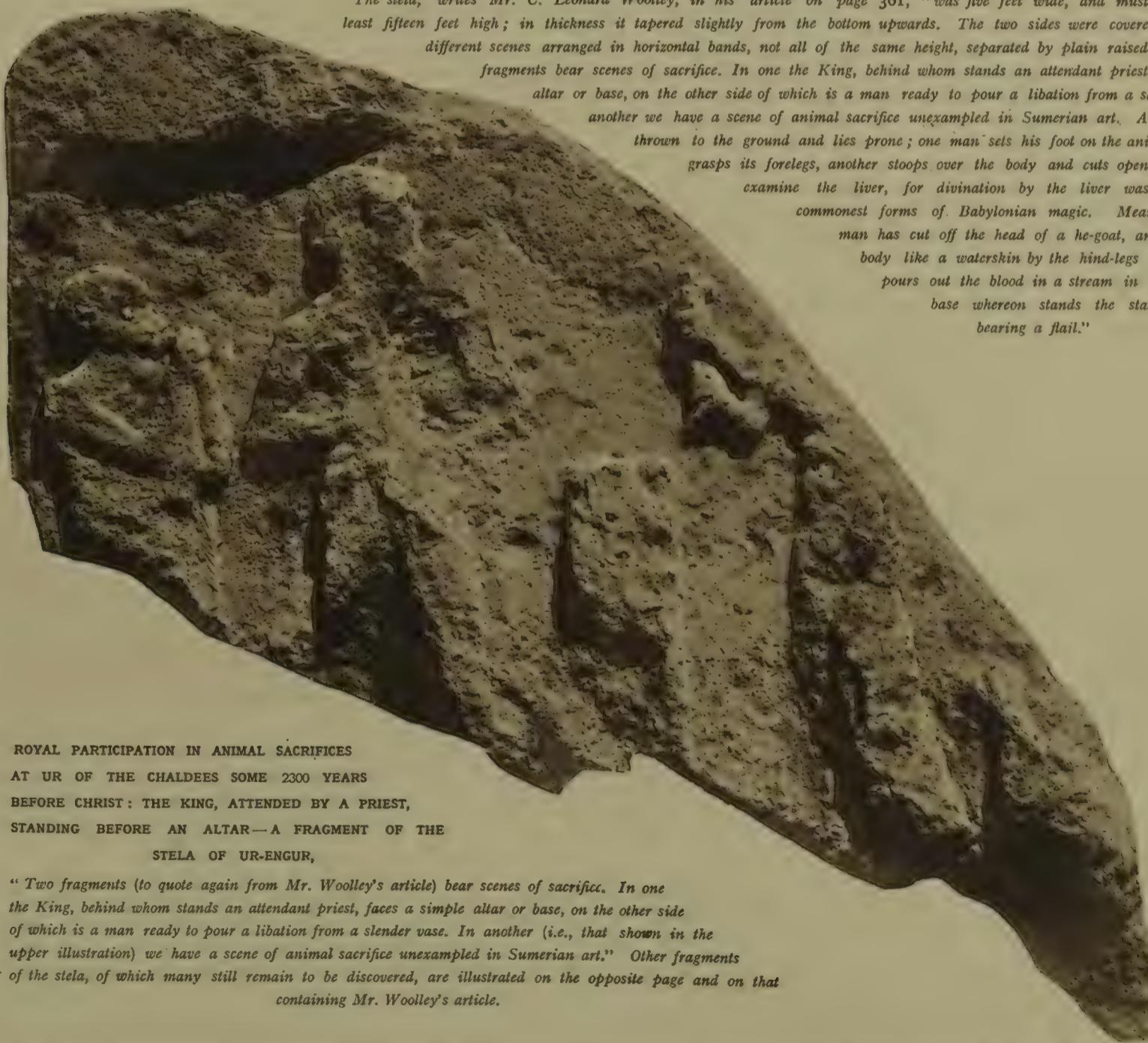
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, DIRECTOR OF THE JOINT EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND OF THE MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA TO MESOPOTAMIA.
BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Animal sacrifices and divination at Ur of the Chaldees long before the days of Abraham: Remarkable Sculptures on fragments of the great stela of King Ur-Engur (about 2300 B.C.) recently found there, showing a bull being cut open and a goat's blood poured out.



THE EARLIEST KNOWN REPRESENTATION IN ART OF THE PRACTICE OF DIVINATION: CUTTING OPEN A BULL'S CHEST TO EXAMINE THE LIVER FOR OMENS; AND (ON RIGHT) POURING BLOOD OUT OF A BEHEADED GOAT FOR SACRIFICE: A FRAGMENT OF THE SCULPTURED STELA OF UR-ENGUR, DATING FROM ABOUT 2300 B.C., DISCOVERED AT UR OF THE CHALDEES BY ARCHAEOLOGISTS REPRESENTING THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"The stela," writes Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, in his article on page 361, "was five feet wide, and must have been at least fifteen feet high; in thickness it tapered slightly from the bottom upwards. The two sides were covered with reliefs, different scenes arranged in horizontal bands, not all of the same height, separated by plain raised edging. Two fragments bear scenes of sacrifice. In one the King, behind whom stands an attendant priest, faces a simple altar or base, on the other side of which is a man ready to pour a libation from a slender vase; in another we have a scene of animal sacrifice unexampled in Sumerian art. A bull has been thrown to the ground and lies prone; one man sets his foot on the animal's chin and grasps its forelegs, another stoops over the body and cuts open the breast to examine the liver, for divination by the liver was one of the commonest forms of Babylonian magic. Meanwhile a third man has cut off the head of a he-goat, and, holding the body like a waterskin by the hind-legs and the neck, pours out the blood in a stream in front of a low base whereon stands the statue of a god bearing a flail."



ROYAL PARTICIPATION IN ANIMAL SACRIFICES
AT UR OF THE CHALDEES SOME 2300 YEARS
BEFORE CHRIST: THE KING, ATTENDED BY A PRIEST,
STANDING BEFORE AN ALTAR—A FRAGMENT OF THE
STELA OF UR-ENGUR,

"Two fragments (to quote again from Mr. Woolley's article) bear scenes of sacrifice. In one the King, behind whom stands an attendant priest, faces a simple altar or base, on the other side of which is a man ready to pour a libation from a slender vase. In another (i.e., that shown in the upper illustration) we have a scene of animal sacrifice unexampled in Sumerian art." Other fragments of the stela, of which many still remain to be discovered, are illustrated on the opposite page and on that containing Mr. Woolley's article.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

COWES was very pleased with its little season, and also pleased that, apart from Regatta Week, interest in the little yachting centre has been greater this summer than usual. There have been more visitors to the Squadron, and more yachtsmen with their craft in the Roads, than for a long time. The people ashore would like to see more of their Majesties when there, and recall that Queen Victoria always drove through the town twice during Regatta Week. It is forgotten, perhaps, that King George and Queen Mary have no residence on the island, no horses or carriages there. The King is away for hours of each day on the *Britannia*, and the Queen drives about all over the island in a motor-car which is hired for the purpose. I hear that the driver has a new one each season for his Royal customer, and that the one used by the Queen sells very well and at once, as a matter of loyal sentiment. During the past Regatta Week the Queen was not at all in the Squadron gardens. Once on Thursday she landed at the Squadron stage, and walked through the crowd up Castle Hill to the waiting car, and thence drove through the town slowly, of necessity, since the narrow streets may not be negotiated otherwise.

It would be nice if it were true that Mrs. Dudley Ward was entertaining at Cowes during Regatta Week. Unhappily, she is not well, and is doing a rest cure near Sandwich. Mr. Dudley Ward had Castle Rock, and gave a dance there which was a smart little affair; many guests were taken by Mrs. Dudley Coats, who combined business with pleasure, having a little branch of her shop in the High Street. Lady Louis Mountbatten and her sister, Miss Mary Ashley, were not more than once in the Squadron gardens, and were more often at the dances ashore and afloat. That on the *Royal Oak* guard-ship was the only one afloat of which one heard much. The Marquis d'Hautpoul was not at Cowes; it was his wife, one of the King's oldest friends, who, with her brother, Sir Harry Stonor, was a guest on the Royal

Wales. Both died leaving young children, and their care was largely taken over by the Prince and Princess, with whose own children they were practically brought up. The Marquise d'Hautpoul is an enthusiastic yachtswoman, who was always out on the *Britannia*

sympathetic to royal and aristocratic Russians than Americans. The Grand Duchess Cyril (I believe she arrogates to herself no higher title) is a clever woman and a handsome one. She is devoted to her eight-year-old son Vladimir, and believes that one day he will return to Russia as Tsar. She has also two daughters, the elder eighteen, the younger sixteen. They have been very well educated, and are handsome, high-spirited girls. Queen Marie of Rumania is said to be very ambitious and keen for the advancement of every member of her family. Her elder daughters married Kings; one is now ex-Queen of Greece, the second is the wife of King Alexander of the Serbs Croats, and Slovenes. The youngest is here in England, where she has been for the last two years finishing her education. She is in her seventeenth year, having had her sixteenth birthday last January. She is a very pretty, high-spirited girl, and has, her schoolfellow say, a charming disposition.

The wedding of Mr. Edward Greenall, younger of the two sons of Sir Gilbert and Lady Greenall—as popular a sport-loving pair as any in the land—was not a large affair, as it took place the day previous to the great Twelfth. The bride, who was Miss Joan Madelein Sheriffe, is a pretty girl, and looked very well in her white-and-silver wedding dress. Men and non-commissioned officers of the bridegroom's troop of Life Guards formed a guard of honour, and there was a reception after the wedding. Lady Worsley brought her pretty little train-bearer daughter, the Hon. Diana Pelham, who was joined in her duty by Miss Janetta Paynter. The three bridesmaids made a charming group in sunflower-yellow dresses, green leaf wreaths, and carrying bouquets of auratum lilies. Lady Greenall, handsome and happy, was in soft cinnamon-coloured georgette, and wore a hat of fancy straw just a little deeper in shade. Lady Worsley was wearing ivory-toned crêpe with a light embroidery in rose and pale pink. She was also accompanied by



As perfect in lustre, shape, and colouring as the deep-sea gems are these lovely Ciro pearls, which lie within the reach of every pocket. The Ciro G.H.Q. are at 178, Regent Street, W.

when King Edward and Queen Alexandra raced in her. Her husband is an invalid, and the King and Queen like to give her the pleasure of a little sailing for the old times' sake.

I hear that grouse are plentiful and well forward on the Deeside moors. Captain and Mrs. Loeffler have a shooting there, and have excellent accounts of birds from their keepers. They will entertain a series of shooting parties. Lady Burrell will be their guest, also Sir William Quilter and Mr. Roger Coke, one of Lord Leicester's brothers. The King's moors are some distance from Balmoral, and are said to promise excellent sport. From the North of Scotland come very poor reports. Last season in Sutherland and Caithness was very bad, and the Duke of Portland anticipates still worse this season for Caithness. Sportsmen who understand grouse and their ways say that the birds are dying out on the moors in the far north, and that the only hope of better things lies in restocking with fresh, healthy birds.

Motor-cars are being, as usual, extensively used to reach holiday resorts. This mode of travel has some drawbacks, but is much freer from them than travel by packed trains from inadequately staffed stations. The war-time habit of carrying personally many pieces of luggage seems to have resulted in a shortage of porters. It has certainly resulted in making corridor trains useless for the purpose they are intended to fulfil. They are usually packed with luggage, people, and children camped out on the baggage, and progress through them is well-nigh impossible. Railway companies would do well to restore luggage vans to their original purpose (now they are often filled with passengers), and insist on all large packages being carried in them. The present haphazard way of depositing suit-cases and hold-alls in carriages is the cause of much discomfort and friction, and stuffing corridors is also dangerous.

The Queen of Roumania, with her bardic honours thick upon her, has terminated her visit to this country. Her sister, wife of the self-styled Emperor of Russia, has had quite a "hectic" time in America, where she was much lionised. Americans, keen supporters of their own Republic, have got a great love of monarchy, and no country has been more



An artistic tulip design decorates effectively this tunic suit of shot petunia boucllette which hails from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. (See page 368.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN NEAME.

Lilac plissé georgette bordered with gold lace and hemmed with marabout expresses this fascinating tea-gown from Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. (See page 368.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN NEAME.

yacht and raced on the *Britannia*. Her father and mother were in King Edward and Queen Alexandra's Households when they were Prince and Princess of

her sister, Miss Brocklehurst. There were a number of Life Guardsmen present, including Lord Galway's stalwart son, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. George Monckton Arundell.

A. E.-L.

FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD

JOCKEY CLUB BUENOS AIRES

THE RENDEZVOUS OF
ARGENTINE SPORTSMEN

South Americans have, within recent years, become keen devotees of most sports once essentially British. This is particularly the case with the 'Sport of Kings,' which has attained a remarkable popularity, a fact easily to be understood when the nature of the country is considered, for here in this land of vast plains the horse is invaluable and esteemed as a friend.

The Jockey Club at Buenos Aires was originally formed in 1882 to foster the sport of Horse-racing in Argentina, but with the growing prosperity of that country the Club gradually became the venue of sportsmen of every type, the control of Horse-racing being vested in one section only.

Now the wealthiest, most luxurious and most influential Club in Argentina, the Jockey Club is a power in the land. Important banquets and imposing receptions are held in the splendid dining rooms and halls, while on gala nights the building, brilliantly illuminated and thronged with gaily dressed and glitteringly jewelled crowds, provides a picture of unusual magnificence.

On Sunday next our 'Prince of Sportsmen,' who has had such a wonderful reception in Buenos Aires, is being entertained here; and if the members are true to their hospitable reputation, they will undoubtedly show their esteem for our Prince in a right regal welcome.

Since 1627 the Clubman's Whisky, chosen for its unswervingly high standard of quality, has been John Haig.



A Gala Night at the
Jockey Club, Buenos Aires.



By Appointment



John Haig

THE FATHER OF ALL SCOTCH WHISKIES
ESTABLISHED 1627.

MASTER OF THE WORLD.

(Continued from Page 338.)

in which the former Empires will become Confederacies, and protected states and colonies will be free and equal. We do not ask, therefore, who will be master of the world to-morrow, for the world of to-morrow will belong to no master. It will be divided by a large number of races, states, and civilisations, seeking to direct themselves by their own powers. Let us rather ask ourselves whether that disappearance of all international hierarchies will not produce a political pulverisation, a new Tower of Babel, with a second confusion of languages; whether the races, states, and civilisations, in their reciprocal independence, will not become incapable of understanding each other.

The danger is evident, and it preoccupies many thinkers. It must not, however, be forgotten that, if the directing centres of the world are multiplied, the world will become more and more united by a few ideas, good or bad, which will become general in all latitudes and among all races. I will quote two of these ideas: the democratic idea and the idea of progress as created by the nineteenth century. The democratic idea, that government should be the expression of the will of the people, has many enemies in Europe, especially in the intellectual classes. Italy teems with young prophets, followers of Nietzsche, who proclaim that this idea is the curse which will destroy civilisation, and that the world must annihilate it. If it is indeed the curse of civilisation, I greatly fear that the world is now only at the beginning of its destructions. Although this idea has already given rise to a large number of horribly despotic Governments, it is spreading and disquieting the minds of millions of men of all colours, as a hope of a better future. Even if it were to end in a general catastrophe, the movement has assumed such proportions throughout the world that the irritations, objections, and invectives of the intellectual classes of Europe will no longer suffice to arrest it.

The idea of progress, as it was created by the nineteenth century, has also begun to penetrate into the depths of Asia. It is a simple and crude idea, much more simple and crude than that of the sovereignty of the people, although it has been much less attacked by European intellectuals; for it can be reduced to the naively optimistic belief that all the instruments which serve to increase our riches and our power make us better and more perfect beings. And that idea probably contains a greater danger in its naïveté than the idea of the sovereign people. It

possesses, however, an indisputably seductive power over the simple minds of the masses. It is not surprising that it is becoming general even among the old races of Asia, who, until yesterday, were attached to such different traditions.

Whether the world, unified by these ideas, will be more happy or less so than it was fifty years ago, I cannot say.

to certain ideas, even if they are destined greatly to complicate its daily life. A luminous proof of this has been given us by China. Why has China revolted against Europe? Because she has become considerably Europeanised during the last twenty years. The whole profound philosophy of the great Oriental crisis lies in that apparent contradiction.

Up to the end of the nineteenth century, China had remained faithful to her old and marvellous civilisation, which probably was worth more than ours. She had resisted the introduction of railways and other Western pyrotechnical inventions; she had kept her ancient family and social constitution, and her anti-militarist spirit; she had continued to obey the Son of Heaven, and to be governed by the Mandarins. But so long as she remained strictly Chinese, she had yielded herself, especially since 1840, as docilely as she could to the influence of Europe, which was often violent and brutal. The monarchy and the bureaucracy, which depended on the monarchy, understood how dangerous it would have been to resist powers which, although they considered them barbarous, were so terribly armed; they were able to impose on the people the sacrifices of *amour propre* and money necessary to satisfy the "devils" or "vampires" of the West.

It was thus that Europe and, following her example, Japan, were able to humiliate, fleece, and gradually demolish the old Chinese Empire, without running any risks. But after the disastrous war with Japan, the new generations in China awoke. American and European ideas penetrated into the superior and middle classes; railways were multiplied; a great industrial development took place; the monarchy fell; the old organisation crumbled away. At the same time, what we may call the national consciousness awoke—the desire for independence and equality, and hatred of Europe developed, breaking out openly when the monarchy fell. As she becomes Europeanised, China wishes to become an independent and free state, like all the European states, great and small.

The Chinese wars are wars of moral unification. China is learning from Europe and America all that is necessary to make her independent of Europe and America; the use of our firearms, for instance. There is impeccable logic in this paradoxical event. It becomes increasingly evident that Europe merely dreamt a beautiful dream, but a childish one, when she imagined that the

Orientals would only take from our civilisation that which would serve to enrich us easily at their expense and that we might command them without danger to ourselves.



PICTURESQUE REBELS AGAINST FRENCH RULE IN SYRIA:
TYPICAL DRUSE TRIBESMEN.

Sueida, the principal city of the Druses of Syria, who recently rebelled against the French, is illustrated on pages 342 and 343 of this number.

Photograph by Courtesy of Mr. J. D. Mailland-Kirwan, Secretary of the British Syrian Mission.

The question, indeed, even if one were able to solve it, would not have much importance. But it is incontestable that the world, while dividing itself up politically, is at the same time becoming more closely united with regard

Sporting Lore

LONDON.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1821.

A good story is told of the days when George IV was Prince of Wales, and every buck could use his fists. The Prince was particularly proud of his skill, and even thought that, had he not been the Prince of Wales, he would have run Jackson and Cribb close for the Championship of England. Discussing boxing with a lady one day, the Prince said: "Once I was out with my harriers when a butcher—damme, madam, a big fellow, 15 stone, standing 6-2, the bully of all Brighton—over-rode my hounds several times, and it was in vain that I asked him to hold hard. At last, damme, madam, he rode over my favourite bitch Ruby. I could stand it no longer, jumping off my horse, I shouted, 'Get down, you rascal, and pull your coat off!' We fought for about an hour and twenty minutes, and at the end of it the Brighton bully was carried away senseless, whilst I had scarcely a scratch." As to its veracity, perhaps, the less said the better—George was given to romancing.



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These details commence with the choice of cereal from which the spirit is first produced, and continue through the entire process to the bottling stage. The conscientious attention given to its production makes "Red Tape" the very emblem of quality in Whisky.

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At all chemists, in four sizes, 2/-, 3/6, 8/6, and 15/-
The tablets also in flasks, 7½d. and 1/3d.
A liberal sample for trial will be forwarded, post free, for 3d. in stamps.

Served in restaurants and cafés of standing
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY, SLOUGH, BUCKS

Fashions and Fancies.

"Pickled Cabbage," the New Colour.

Every season heralds the birth of a new colour, or perhaps the rechristening of a familiar friend. The summer's fashionable "bois de rose" nuance has deepened with the autumn tints into a rich shade which is described perfectly by its amusing title, "pickled cabbage." One can imagine coats of ribbed velour in this warm red trimmed with bands of dark fur, and lined with black slashed with the "pickled cabbage." The result is irresistible, and in evening frocks the same nuance is carried out in clinging georgette or crêpe-de-Chine, the skirts flaring in petalled draperies from an almost normal waist-line, or made with the fullness concealed in the form of inverted pleats, revealed only as the wearer moves.

Lovely Frocks and Wraps. It is, unfortunately, impossible with mere pen and ink to do justice to the pretty evening frocks pictured here, for their colouring is exquisite. The fact that they hail from Liberty's, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W., however, speaks for itself. Starry blue broché, patterned with soft red and yellow flowers, over an underslip of georgette, expresses the model on the left; while the cloak, lined to match, is of blue chiffon velvet collared with shaded crimson and blue ostrich plumes. On the right is a graceful affair of rose and gold brocade over gold lamé, introducing faint tints of heliotrope. Another fascinating model in georgette embroidered with velvet flowers can be transformed at will into an evening frock, a cape, or a tea-gown, each completely different, by the adjustment of a single fastening! This ingenious affair costs only 9½ guineas. Then there are evening wraps of Sungleam satin in lovely shades; the reversible variety are 8 guineas, and the others 4½ guineas; while a striking cape of brocaded Sungleam is 5½ guineas. Beautiful colour effects are obtainable.

Tea Frocks and Gowns. Nowhere are there more delightful tea-gowns to be found than at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., where many of the new season's models are to be seen. Pictured on page 364 is a

fascinating affair of lilac georgette and gold lace, hemmed with marabout. The straight frock is plissé, and the cape and draperies are of plain georgette. There are many of this genre, and also a wide variety of simpler affairs, at very inexpensive prices. A

a full apron front and straight back, is £5 19s. 6d. A delightful frock for tea-time entertaining at home is a graceful model of crêpe-de-Chine, with the becoming cross-over front and long sleeves, of which the price is only 59s. 6d.

Knitted Fashions for the Autumn.

During September and October, when summer is merging gently into winter, knitted frocks and suits reign supreme for almost every occasion. Each year they become more perfect, and at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., may be seen fascinating models ready for the coming season. A simple tunic suit of bouclé embroidered with a tulip design is pictured on page 364. It costs only 5½ guineas, and may be obtained in many delightful shot colourings. Then there are jumper suits of lace alpaca, hand-embroidered and edged with a checked design, available for 7½ guineas. One attractive affair is carried out in the new poili-blue embroidered with orange and henna. For sports wear, a cosy wrap-coat of wool and rayon, worked in a striking design and trimmed with clipped wool, costs 6½ guineas; and an ideal accessory for golf is a cardigan of pure cashmere knitted in three shades.

The Beauty of Ciro Pearls.

Pearls lend charm to every woman, and since the days of Cleopatra they have been

regarded as the most cherished possession. And nowadays the delight they bring may be enjoyed by everyone, for a lovely rope of Ciro pearls, such as the one pictured on page 364, is of little cost. The elusive lights and shades and the delicate lustre of the real deep-sea gems are present in these pearls, which are faultless replicas. In spite of their beauty and the fact that a severe test is required to distinguish them from the real, there are Ciro necklets ranging from £1 1s. upwards, as well as rings, brooches, earrings, etc., at equally modest prices. Those who are unable to make a personal visit to any of the Ciro salons should write to the G.H.Q. at 178, Regent Street, W., for a copy of their brochure illustrating the many styles of Ciro jewellery available. It will be sent gratis and post free to all who apply mentioning this paper.



Two lovely evening toilettes for the coming season which may be studied at Liberty's, Argyll Place, W. Soft red and yellow flowers pattern the frock of night-blue broché on the left, which is completed with a cloak of chiffon velvet collared with shaded ostrich plumes. Gold lamé and brocade express the model on the right, introducing soft side draperies.

tea-frock of chiffon velvet with long sleeves and the fashionable godet sides can be secured for 78s. 6d., and another of the same material, boasting

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THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH
West

The virility of the New World is like the challenge of youth to age. Yet young ambition will ever pay tribute to ripe experience. How generously it has confirmed the approval bestowed for generations by the Old World on the worthiness of

DEWAR'S



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

3500 Miles Without a Stop. When Lieut. Leigh Wade announced his intention of driving his Packard "Eight" from Los Angeles to New York without allowing his wheels to stop for a single moment his friends laughed at

the trial a success. The start was made from Los Angeles on July 16 at noon, and Lieut. Wade was accompanied by Linton Wells, and an official observer who was frequently changed; but Wade and Wells drove alternately throughout the run, one sleeping in the car when the other was at the wheel. The car was standard in every way except for various sound-producing contraptions and a 75-gallon tank for carrying a plentiful supply of petrol.

Trying Adventures En Route.

Owing to several détours the entire distance covered was 3965 miles, and the actual running time 165 hours 50 minutes. The first incident to threaten the success of the venture took place near Las Vegas at night. The wrong road was taken in the dark, and the car hit an irrigation culvert crossing the road. This threw the machine first into the air and then into the ditch. Fortunately, however, it landed on all four wheels, so that the car was kept moving, and the danger successfully passed. A few miles out of Phoenix, Arizona, the most dreaded accident happened—fortunately the only one of its kind on the entire trip. One of the tyres picked up a nail and punctured! This possibility, of course, had been anticipated, and a novel jack, mounted on wheels, was included in the outfit. This was successfully inserted under the axle, and, while the tyre was being changed, the car was driven along at a mile-an-hour crawl. This operation took exactly forty minutes

to accomplish, and was carried out under a blazing sun whose heat registered 110 degrees.

After leaving Kansas City the worst experience of the whole journey was encountered. They ran into a cloud-burst and torrential rain. The road became so bad that mud was frequently up to the running boards, and for twelve hours the maximum speed was five miles per hour, and often as low as

a mile an hour. So bad was the going that chains had to be snapped on the wheels while they were in motion, and the gravel of the road eventually so wore out the chains that they became a danger, and it was decided to cut them off. When they got out of the mud, one hundred miles west of St. Louis, and on to a gravel road, Wade got under the car, hooked one arm around the axle, and thus was dragged along while he cut the links free from the wheels. In doing this his clothes were torn from his back, and he was badly lacerated. The car, of course, was driven as slowly as possible during this period. Another narrow escape was made 200 miles east of Kansas, on a highly cambered road. The car skidded into the ditch, and for a hundred yards had to be driven with two wheels in the ditch; but this danger was also successfully overcome.

More Route Difficulties.

At Jefferson City, Mo., it seemed that bad luck was going to beat the intrepid tourists, for a second cloud-burst had come along and washed out the road so as to make it impassable. However, the State Road Department sent out a special gang to

[Continued overleaf]



LUXURY TRAVEL ON LAND AND SEA: A 14-50-H.P. ROVER CAR ON THE QUAY AT SOUTHAMPTON, WITH THE GREAT LINER "BERENGARIA" IN DRY DOCK BEYOND.

the idea as being impossible and impracticable. It certainly seemed an undertaking doomed to failure when the thousand and one accidents possible on such a journey were considered. To keep the engine running for six or seven days was not so difficult, but to keep the road wheels in continuous motion when traffic jams, railway crossings, and possible punctures had to be met—that was another thing altogether.

Automobile clubs, Boy Scouts, the police, and even railroad companies, over whose grade crossings the tourists had to pass, all co-operated to make



THE FRENCH PRESIDENT'S CAR FITTED WITH BRITISH TYRES (DUNLOP): M. DOUMERGUE ENTERING HIS RENAULT AFTER THE GRAND PRIX. The President of the French Republic, M. Doumergue, uses a French car, a Renault, but British tyres—Dunlop cords. He is here seen about to step into his car after watching the French Grand Prix.

"The faith of pedestrians and cyclists in motorists is the most amazing thing in the world." Mr. J. A. R. CAIRNS in the "Daily Mail."



In a 90-mile motor tour of London, Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, the Metropolitan police magistrate, was struck by the blind faith of pedestrians and cyclists in the brakes of motor-cars. The wise motorist in these days of crowded roads regards the brakes as the most important part of the car's equipment. He takes care in the adjustment, sees that the lining is sound, well fitted and trustworthy.

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THE LAST MATCH.

From the painting by Joseph Simpson.

THE name PLAYER on a packet of cigarettes guarantees the quality and purity of the contents. It is more than a name—it is a *reputation and a tradition*. Far-reaching resources have secured for PLAYER'S the very cream of the world's tobacco crop, the choicest growths of Virginia leaf—cured and matured under ideal conditions with the skill and knowledge born of wide and varied experience.



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10 for 5½ d.

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Medium
10 for 6d.

[Continued]
repair the wash-out, and the tourists drove round and round the state capital for six hours at five miles an hour while the necessary road repairs were being effected, in order to allow them to proceed in safety. On the narrow one-way roads through the mountains, where traffic is allowed thirty minutes each way, the police arranged matters so that the tourists had right of way. This same consideration was shown in the towns through which their route passed. The three tyres which came through the entire trip lost but little of their original 38 pounds pressure. One lost six, one three, and one two pounds. The dilution of the crank-case oil was only 2 per cent. Lieut. Wade, at the end of his long and nerve-trying journey, said that but for the oil-purifying device, a standard Packard fitting, the journey would have been impossible; and the chassis lubricating system had everything to do with the fine shape in which the car ended its strenuous trans-continental run.

Don't Leave Litter.

The closing of one of the Surrey beauty spots to the public—St. George's Hill—because of the trouble to which the owners were put in clearing up litter and in extinguishing heath fires, again attracts attention to the need for the public at large to exercise the utmost consideration and care when

picnicking. Whilst private motorists are by no means solely to blame in this matter, there is no doubt that they are sometimes guilty of thoughtlessness in disfiguring the country with unsightly

cardboard boxes, etc., which may be left after the meal. The simplest method is to collect all débris into a small heap and burn it—extreme caution being taken to ensure that the fire does not spread to surrounding herbage. Empty bottles or tins should not be left lying about, but buried in a convenient spot, or, failing this, packed away in an empty basket and carried home to the dust-bin.

Illuminated Direction Signs.

Realising the difficulty

motorists ex-

perience in deciphering direction signs, either on lamp-posts, or situated near them, the Automobile Association has introduced a new type of reflector and signs, so as to throw the light downwards and render the wording on the arms clearly readable by road-users after dark. One of the first sets of these A.A. illuminated direction signs has been erected on the Great West Road, 10½ miles out from London.

W. W.

"No. 17." AT THE NEW THEATRE.

OUR "crook" plays grow madder and more amusing with every new example we

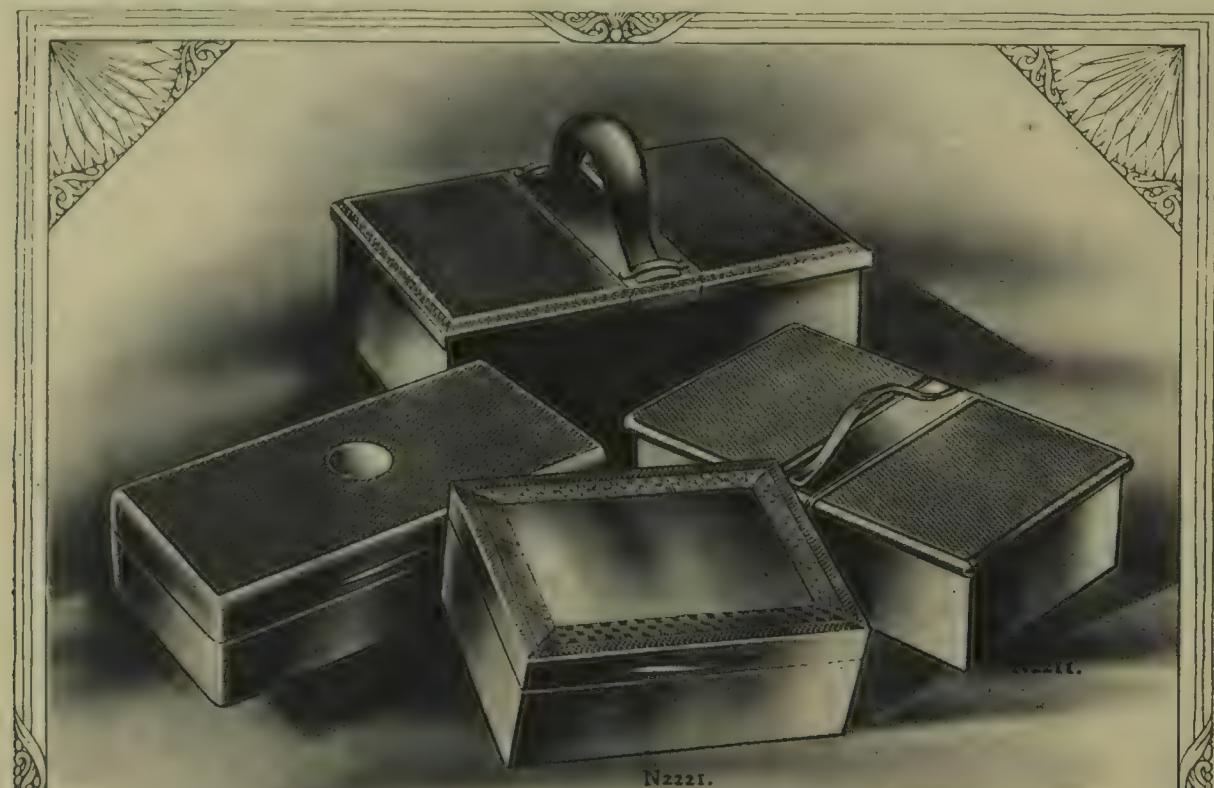
are offered. Good things as we have seen in this kind, surely the palm must go to the latest, Mr. Jefferson Farjeon's "No. 17," which contrives at one and the same time to tickle our nerves with terror and mystery inside an "empty" house, and yet to live up to its designation of a "joyous melodrama." The note of joy is struck from the very first appearance of one Ben, as droll a character as melodramatist ever invented. Ben, of the merchant marine, is a cheerful little coward who has a knack even when convulsed with fright of blurting out the most absurd and inconsequent jests. "You wouldn't think," he says, when a more adventurous companion is prodding him into a situation of danger, "that I'd ever sunk a German submarine!" "No," answers the other grimly; "and did you?" "No," retorts Ben, and the whole house rocks with laughter, as will every playgoer who eyes this figure of fun trembling with fear, and yet with a certain jolliness amid all his timidity. Indeed, there comes a time when he earns his associate's compliment that there is no such plucky man as your coward. Ben's the man to look at and listen to, then, in this play, and he charges into you, or rather into a watcher outside No. 17, almost as soon as the curtain rises. That observer has noticed a moving light in an upstairs room, and when out dashes Ben, his teeth chattering as he declares he has seen a dead man, back he has to go by candle light, the stranger urging him on—up, up to the dreadful attic—and to strange discoveries: terrified women, padded door, a disappearing corpse, and—heard from below—the rumble of an underground railway. Miss Elizabeth Arkell and Miss Nora Swinburne win your sympathy for the women; Mr. Fred Groves is a master-villain; Mr. Nicholas Hannen is as determined a detective as you could want; and Mr. Leon M. Lion, as Ben, has the sort of part an actor longs for in his dreams, and gets perhaps once in a lifetime.



A NEW ATTRACTION AT BRIGHTON EVIDENTLY MUCH APPRECIATED BY BOYS AND GIRLS:
THE RECENTLY OPENED BOATING POOL, CROWDED WITH CRAFT.

The new Boating Pool at Brighton, officially opened the other day, is proving very popular. The craft upon it include foot-paddle boats of the type used on the lake at Wembley.—[Photograph by Keystone.]

litter. The R.A.C. wishes to emphasise most strongly the need for every car-owner and motor-cyclist who takes an *al fresco* meal by the roadside, or in some secluded country spot, to destroy any waste paper,



CIGAR & CIGARETTE BOXES

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N1117. Cigar and Cigarette Box, bevelled edge 9 in. x 6 in.
Engine Turned Lids £25. 0.0
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N2215. Cigarette Box, engine turned lid. Lined cedar
4½ ins. long for 50 £3.15.0
5½ ins. .. 75 £4.15.0
7 ins. .. 100 £5.10.0

N221. Cigarette Box, engine turned border. Lined cedar
4½ ins. long for 50 £4.0.0
5½ ins. .. 75 £5.0.0
7 ins. .. 100 £6.5.0

N2211. Cigarette Box, lined cedar.
5½ in x 3½ in. x 1½ in.
for 50 £6.10.0

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Sheffield.

The Southern Railway Company announce that, in connection with the service to the Continent via Newhaven-Dieppe, leaving Victoria Station (London) at 10 a.m. daily, a new through carriage, containing first and second class ordinary seats and first-class couchettes, will run from Dieppe to Bâle, Lucerne, and Milan every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday until further notice, the coach in question being attached at Paris to a train which is due to arrive at Bâle at 6.18 a.m., Lucerne 8.40 a.m., and Milan 2.47 p.m. next day. In the reverse direction this through coach will leave Milan on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays in connection with the service arriving at Victoria (London) at 6.43 p.m. on the following day.

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Have the shoes you are now wearing repaired with "Dri-ped" leather.

SHOE quality is determined by the soles. Neither smart design nor shapely last, nor clever workmanship, nor skilful stitching can make a worth-while shoe if the sole leather is of doubtful durability, of questionable waterproofness.

Sole leather of dependable quality is not common, since leather is a natural product, but there is one leather, produced from a careful selection of the finest obtainable hides, tanned by a special process, which is ever consistent—"Dri-ped," the famous super leather for soles.

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Many leading foot-wear manufacturers have selected "Dri-ped" for leading ranges of men's, women's, and children's footwear.

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You can identify "Dri-ped" Soled Footwear by the "Dri-ped" purple diamond stamped every few inches on each sole. There are many imitators of the "Dri-ped" method of stamping sole leather, but there is only one "Dri-ped" leather produced from specially selected hides of finest quality. "Dri-ped" is more than a name—it is a guarantee of unrivalled quality.



DRI-PED SOLED FOOTWEAR

The Super Leather for Soles.

THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

AUTUMN. By LADISLAS ST. REYMONT. Being the First Volume of "The Peasants." (Jarrold; 7s. 6d. net.)

This book is the first of a tetralogy of novels which, under the general title of "The Peasants," won for their author, Ladislas St. Reymont, the Nobel prize for literature. The title suggests the expectation that, if autumn comes, winter cannot be far behind, and, sure enough, it is announced that the remaining parts—"Winter," "Spring," and "Summer"—will be published at short intervals in the English version. The present volume has been translated from the Polish by Michael H. Dziewicki, Reader of English Literature at the University of Cracow, who has done his work so well that the book reads as though it had been written in English originally. It is interesting as an example of modern Polish literature, unfamiliar for the most part to British readers, and as a picture of rural life in Poland. The "petty spites of the village spire" find place, as usual, in the lives of these rough farming folk, with their primitive loves and hates; but the village pastor, like an Irish priest, is a dominant and revered figure. Among other scenes there is a vivid account of the proceedings in a local court of justice. Naturally, in a work of such extended scale, the life of the countryside is described in leisurely detail and with abundant dialogue.

THE IPPLETREE MANOR MYSTERY. By DOUGLAS W. SPURGEON. (Ward, Lock; 7s. 6d. net.)

The purveyors of sectional bookcases will not, perhaps, find their trade adversely affected by the fact that an example of their art was concerned in the violent end which befell that well-known baronet, Sir Richard Larymoor. This was the scene that met the butler's eye: "On the floor to the left of the great fireplace lay the body of his master. It was only partially visible, the upper part being buried under a section of the bookcases that surrounded the room. . . . Banter saw, to his horror, that the case between the windows had toppled over in its entirety, the books being strewn around in the utmost confusion, and the weighty carved piece had crashed on the luckless baronet's upturned face." As will easily be guessed, this tragic incident occurs early in the story, and the remainder is devoted to elucidating

the circumstances in which it happened. Properly constituted bookcases do not fall forward of their own accord, but their use as an implement of crime is ingenious and novel. The mystery is tracked to its close with all the due accompaniments of false clues and wrongful suspicions.

THE SLOANE SQUARE MYSTERY. By HERBERT ADAMS. (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net.)

These are bad days for baronets, according to the annals of detective fiction, for another unfortunate aristocrat of that rank comes to a tragic end in the first chapter of this story. Bruce Graham and the Hon. Edward Lamport, crossing Sloane Square in evening dress and festive mood at half-past one of a Sunday morning, after leaving some scene of revelry, suddenly found a man's body on the pavement. He too was in evening dress. There was a gash on the cheek, caused apparently by his fall against the sharp edge of the fountain, but no signs of other injury. Bruce recognised the body as that of Sir Nicholas Brannock. Not long afterwards, the police discovered that Sir Nicholas had been poisoned, and that on the night of his death he had dined with his nephew Rollo, the heir to his title and property. Things look black against Rollo—as the experienced reader of detective stories will feel, almost too black to be true.

THE RED RAIN MYSTERY. By HEADON HILL. (Ward, Lock; 7s. 6d. net.)

No prudent man would accept a baronetcy in these days, if all that the mystery-mongers tell us is correct. It seems hardly credible, but yet another baronet, Sir Francis Lathrop, of Lathrop Grange, was recently "found dead—murdered, they say—in his grounds," as described in the opening chapter of this story. Stranger still, at about the same time a retired London merchant, Mr. Samuel Honeybun, was astounded, as well he might be, on examining his rain-gauge, to find that it contained not water, but blood. At first, no connection could be traced between the two occurrences. "Yet a certain amount of importance was felt to attach to the rain-gauge incident because of the medical evidence at the inquest. Sir Francis had been killed by a clean puncture in the throat, and the haemorrhage from the wound, added to the blood left in the body, did not make the total of vital fluid to be expected in a healthy

human being." The reader will feel confident that the rain-gauge had something to do with it, though even more unusual than a bookcase as an accessory to crime.

ALEC'S MOTHER. By NORMA LORIMER. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

It is not every lover who remains constant to a married woman of forty-three, who at seventeen left her husband and had a son by another man. At the time the story opens, the son (Alec) is grown up and idolised by his mother, the boy's actual father has long been dead, the mother's husband is still alive, somewhere in the East, but is believed by Alec (who regards him as his father) to have died a heroic death in the Sudan. Meanwhile, the constant lover is still in attendance on Alec's mother, who had been "cut" by her husband's family. Such, in bald outline, is the tangle with which the story opens. It is a tale of the complications arising out of a young wife's early indiscretion, which has its excuse in the fact that her husband was an "Orientalised" Englishman of the worst type. "He fancied he had married a white girl," she explains, "who would submit to the customs of a Persian harem. . . . You don't know how I suffered, how strange his punishments were, how the East affected his mentality." The story unfolds the effects, some of them tragic, on her own and her son's love affairs, twenty-five years after her disastrous marriage.

THE AJANTA CAVES.

IN our issue of May 30 last, in the course of a review of "My Pilgrimages to Ajanta and Bagh," by Sri Mukul Chandra Dey, we quoted certain statements made by the author as to the condition of the caves. In this connection, we have received a letter from Sir John Marshall, in which he says: "The statement about the present condition of the Rock Temples at Ajanta, made by Mr. Mukul Chandra Dey, is singularly incorrect. The Nizam's Government have done everything in their power to preserve these monuments, and even gone to the length of getting from Europe the best available expert to preserve the frescoes; besides doing much else for the drainage of the hillside, providing proper approaches, and in other ways preserving the temples." We have very much pleasure in publishing this note.

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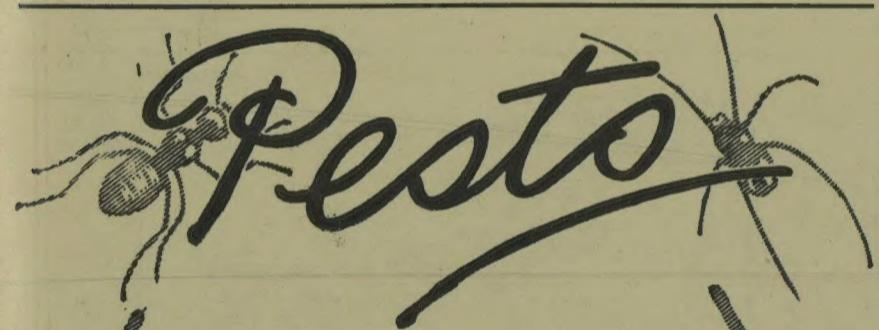
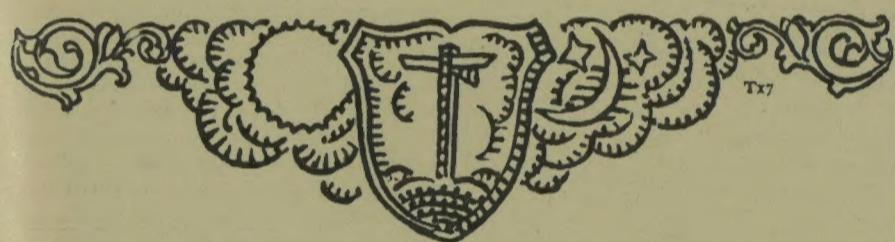
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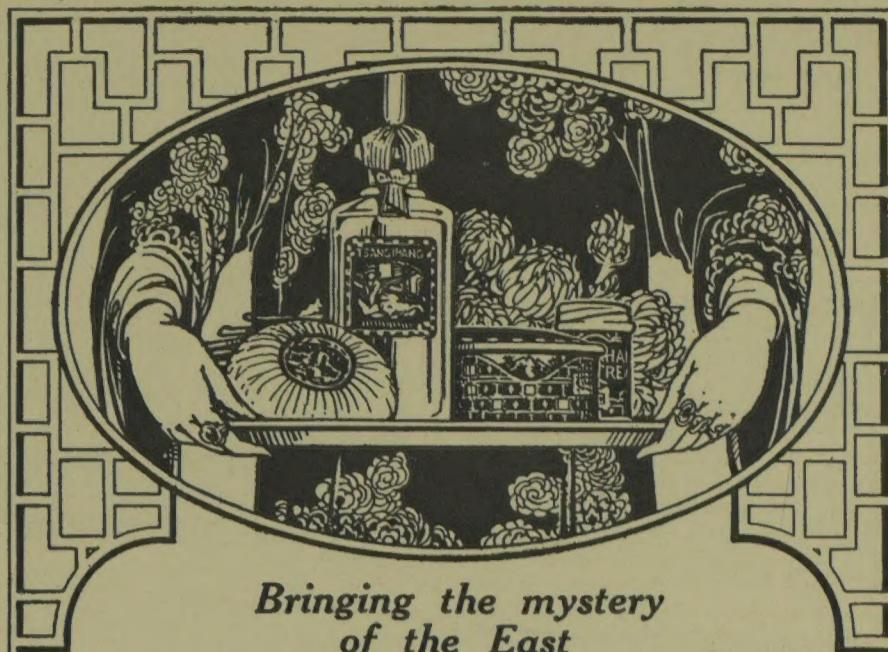


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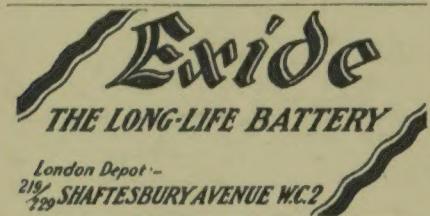
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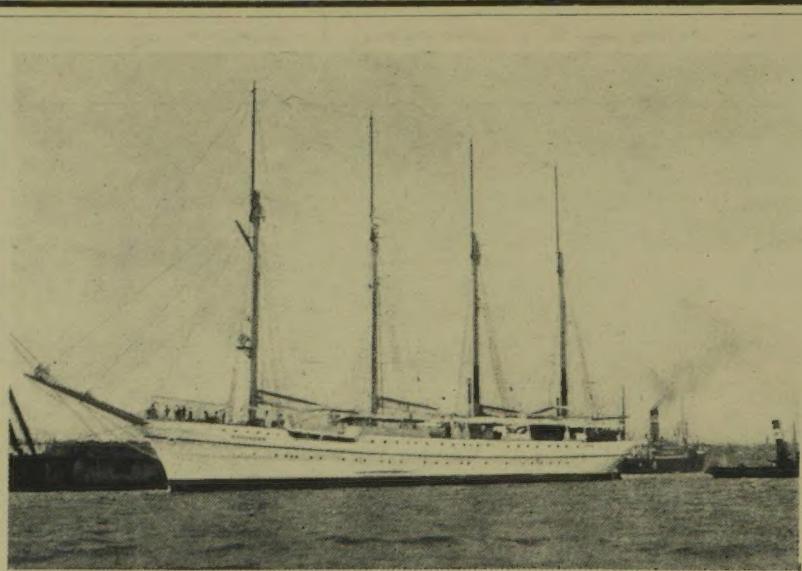
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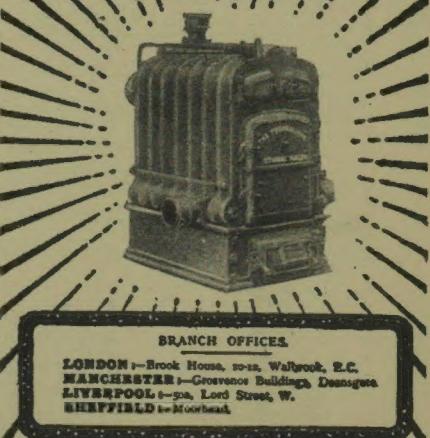


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